# CHICAGO LEDGER

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# THE GIRL on the BEACH

## By MOLLIE FRANK ELLIS

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# A Trick of the Trade

## By Frank Filson

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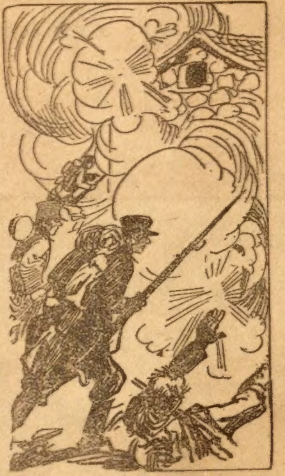
IF ANYBODY had told Jimmy Byrne five weeks before that on a certain day in summer he would be lying in a French trench among the men of the Foreign legion and aiming his rifle at the periscope of a German sergeant, he would have laughed. Yet such had happened. Caught in France on the outbreak of the war, while on his way home after a year's tour on his wealthy father's money, he had simply gone to see the fun. He thought it would be a matter of a month or two. So did many then.

The mail from home had been first angry and pleading, then resigned. His father, whose big house on Fifth avenue seemed strangely empty, tried to get Jimmy out thru the American ambassador. But Jimmy was obdurate; he liked his taste of war.

"If you could only be here," his sister Mary had written. "Katz, the delicatessen man, who hurried off to Germany when war was declared, has inherited ten thousand dollars, and his wife is frantic about him. The flowers are prettier than ever this year. Our new automobile is a dandy. . . . ."



Instantly an Inferno of Fire Was Opened Upon the Advancing Legion.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy, as his neighbor, interrupting his reading, whispered something. He was a gigantic Turk named Crusoe, a sample of the miscellaneous population of that daredevil brigade, the Foreign legion. "Going to have a hit at the Boches?"

The Turk nodded. "In half an hour," he said. "Orders are to have b[illegible] [illegible] our boys. See! There's our ar[illegible] starts!"

It was Jimmy's first chance of se[illegible] anything but trench service. Instantly the letter was thrust into his pocket and forgotten. He moistened his lips; he felt a strange exultation, mixed with not—not exactly fear, but something that made his flesh insensitive and his hands clammy.

The artillery had opened a deafening attack. The shells, whistling overhead without cessation, filled the air with sound. Lines of smoke rose from the German trenches. It seemed as if the whole face of the earth was being blown away.

"Now boys!" came down the line. Jimmy waited. The whistle sounded, and instantly he was upon his feet and running like mad against the enemy.

A line of men, extending as far as the eye could reach, hurled themselves upon the devastated rifle pits. At first, while their own shells continued to shriek over them, they seemed unopposed. Then, when they were within a hundred yards, the shelling ceased.

Instantly an inferno of fire was opened upon the advancing legion. Men dropped by scores. To take the hostile lines was futile. The high shell explosives had failed to shake the morale of the German forces, tho it had knocked their intrenchments about their ears.

They would not retreat—it is not the tradition of the Foreign legion to retire. But, riddled and confused, the whole line doubled upon itself and dissolved into little groups and clusters. It edged sideways along the German front and sought the shelter of one or two undamaged houses that had escaped the hostile artillery.

From among these a hundred Germans leaped forward to meet the approaching legionaries. A hand-to-hand fight followed. Jimmy found himself engaged with a huge fellow, wearing a tattered helmet whose spike emerged thru its khaki covering. The fellow disappeared suddenly, and he found himself jabbing viciously at the air.

Suddenly a shot was fired at him from an old barn. It grazed his cheek, and Jimmy rushed into the barn.

It was half full of moldy hay. A German was upon the other side of the central mass. Round and round the hay they dodged, Jimmy after the German, then the German after Jimmy, each trying to get a point of vantage from which to shoot down the other.

Panting, exhausted, they halted, one on either side of the haystack. Jimmy waited. Presently he saw the rifle barrel of the German begin to protrude thru a loose part of the stack. Quietly he dodged, and the discharge of the powder blackened his tunic as the bullet sped across the barn and buried itself in the opposite wall.

With a yell, the German sprang round the stack. Jimmy was waiting for that. He let his clubbed rifle fall. The German started back, but it struck him on the foot, and he howled with pain as he retired [illegible] the obscurity the other side of [illegible] hay.

They waited. Night was already falling, the sounds of the fighting became less audible. It was quite dark inside the barn. Jimmy listened as a cat listens for a mouse. Suddenly the German called from behind the hay:

"Kamerad! Pardon! Surrender to me and you shall not be harmed. You see, my friend, we shall wait here all night unless you surrender."

"That's all very well," answered Jimmy, "but suppose you surrender to me."

"We are not allowed to surrender," answered the German plaintively. "You had better surrender. Think it over! I will wait ten minutes!"

Jimmy could see the tip of the German's bayonet. It was moving, not up and down, but backward and forward in a manner which seemed somehow familiar to Jimmy. The movements were unconscious, and it was evident that the fellow was laboring under strong emotion.

He spoke again. "Suppose we both come out into the open," he said. "[illegible]all count a hundred. While I an[illegible] [illegible]unting you will turn your back and [illegible]alk away. When I have finished counting a hundred I will call, and we will both fire."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy.

The German uttered an oath and leaped from behind the haystack. Jimmy was just in time to parry the leveled blade. He struck it up and drew back for a lunge. Then he looked into his opponent's face, and the recognition was mutual.

"Katz! The delicatessen man!" he cried.

"Jimmy Penderby!" cried Katz. Gosh! What are you doing here, Mr. Penderby?"

"Oh, just looking round," said Jimmy. "Say, I knew it was you, Katz, from the way you used that bayonet. Are you going to surrender?"

"I daren't," said Katz. "My wife said I must bring back an iron cross."

"Your wife is crazy because you have inherited ten thousand dollars," said Jimmy, "and——"

"What?" yelled Katz. "It must be my uncle Simon. I never thought he'd last out the year. Mr. Penderby, take me to your camp, and hurry! Hurry and don't let any of those shells hit me before I see the color of it."

Safe in the camp of the legionaries, Katz recovered all his animation.

"Mr. Penderby," he implored, "You didn't tell me how you knew it was me behind the hay. By my bayonet, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy. "I suppose a man gets the tricks of his trade, Katz. You see, a bayonet isn't for using like a ham-slicing machine."

* * *

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"I think you have made a mistake. I don't know your son, and I cannot have mentioned his name tonight," said the lecturer.

"Yes, you did. My son is one of those pioneers of big movements."

"Oh, I see. And what is your son, madam?"

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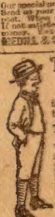

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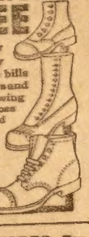

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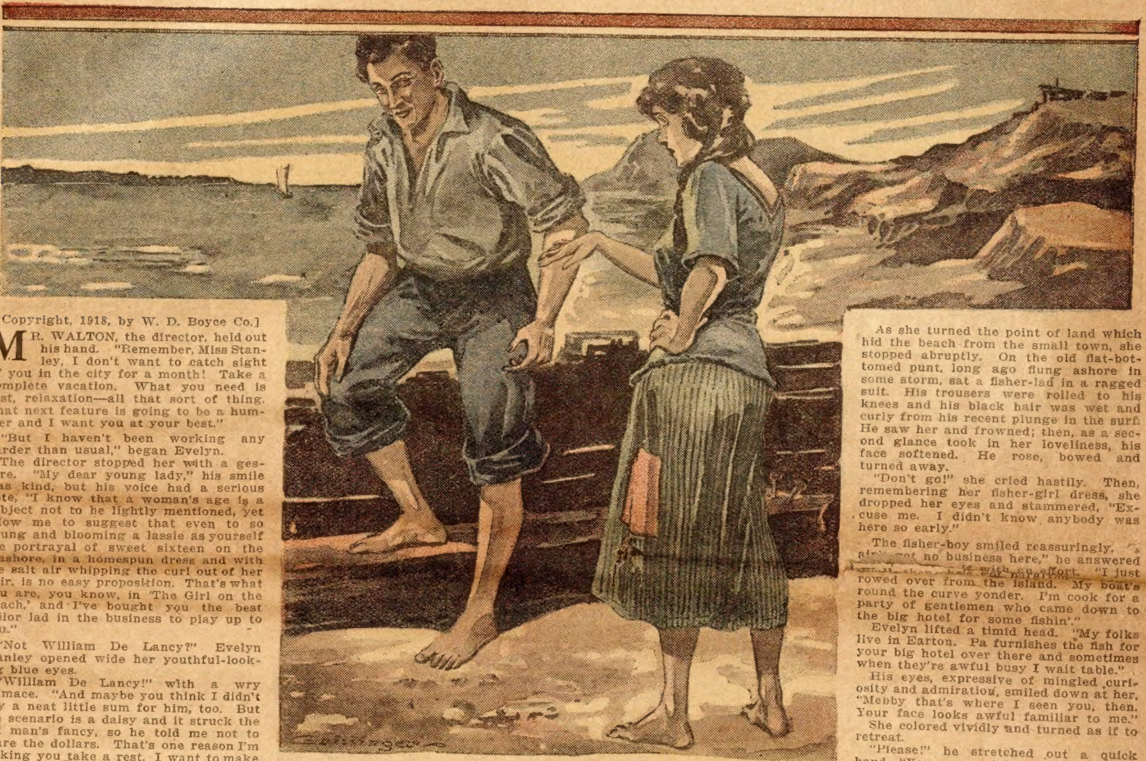
# THE GIRL ON THE BEACH



"Don't Go," She Cried Hastily, "I Didn't Know Anybody Was Here So Early."

## By Mollie Frank Ellis

Back to nature was the cry of the movie director, and he sent his two famous stars to live under primitive conditions, with results that startled them all.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

MR. WALTON, the director, held out his hand. "Remember, Miss Stanley, I don't want to catch sight of you in the city for a month! Take a complete vacation. What you need is rest, relaxation—all that sort of thing. That next feature is going to be a hummer and I want you at your best."

"But I haven't been working any harder than usual," began Evelyn.

The director stopped her with a gesture. "My dear young lady," his smile was kind, but his voice had a serious note, "I know that a woman's age is a subject not to be lightly mentioned, yet allow me to suggest that even to so young and blooming a lassie as yourself the portrayal of sweet sixteen on the seashore, in a homespun dress and with the salt air whipping the curl out of her hair, is no easy proposition. That's what you are, you know, in 'The Girl on the Beach,' and I've bought you the best sailor lad in the business to play up to you."

"Not William De Lancy?" Evelyn Stanley opened wide her youthful-looking blue eyes.

"William De Lancy!" with a wry grimace. "And maybe you think I didn't pay a neat little sum for him, too. But the scenario is a daisy and it struck the old man's fancy, so he told me not to spare the dollars. That's one reason I'm making you take a rest. I want to make a killing with this film. The old man hinted that if I did there'd be a plum coming my way. Look here, how'd you like to run down to some quiet place on the water—say Earton-on-the-Sea? Dress the part while you rest. Barefooted, hair down in braids, homespun dress—whatever kind of stuff that is. Might polish up your swimming, too, while you're there. You'll have some water stunts. What say?"

Evelyn looked at him thoughtfully. "Earton-on-the-Sea will do as well as any place, I guess. It's awfully good of you to do this, Mr. Walton," she held out her hand with a smile. "I'll certainly try to be the real 'Girl on the Beach' for you."

"It's nothing. Nothing," he protested. "I'm only treating you as I want you to treat me, and that's the best business policy going. Good-by. Good luck."

"Good-by!" answered Evelyn. "Telegraph if you should need me."

"Sure!" replied Walton absently, already half way across the studio to where Jimmy Reese, the camera man, was impatiently waiting.

Evelyn smiled. "He's forgotten me already," she thought, as she turned away. "Now, let's see, what is the first thing? Oh, yes, a telegram to Betty, of course!"

Four days later she was waiting at the little station of Earton-on-the-Sea when her cousin Betty Reynolds' train drew in. She captured Betty, rushed her up the plank walk and across the sand dunes to the boarding-house where she had taken rooms.

"There's just time for a plunge before dinner—I mean supper, Betty, so don't ask a single question."

Betty resisted her urging hands and stood on the veranda, looking out over the beach to where the sunset was beginning to redden the waters.

"I won't ask a single question," she said, drawing in great breaths of the salt air, "but please remember, Evie, that I'm a school teacher from Arizona and I never saw the sea before in all my life. Give me one look!"

But after the plunge was over—considerably prolonged because of Betty's naive delight—the two girls settled themselves on the veranda steps and the story of Evelyn's vacation and her future role in "The Girl on the Beach" was related.

"And I've got my costume all ready, Betty, dear," finished Evelyn. "It's a bit trying, tho. How I wish my hair was curly like yours! Do you know, I felt shaky that day when Mr. Walton spoke of my age. I thought perhaps it was a mild hint that I was beginning to show it. I'm 27, you know."

Betty laughed scornfully. "You'd better be careful how you run around here barelegged and with your hair down in braids! If they've got a truant officer he'll catch you and take you back to school."

Evelyn gave her a vigorous hug. "You're such a comfort, Betty. I wish you could stay with me always."

She stopped abruptly and freed herself from Betty's encircling arms. "Why not?" she demanded. "Oh, Betty, surely you can act a little! Maybe I can get you a position with Mr. Walton!"

"I, a movie actress, with this snub nose and freckles?" Betty laughed good naturedly. "Besides," she bent to hide a shy blush, "you haven't given me a chance to tell you yet—I'm to be married Thanksgiving to Bobby Hammond. Remember him. Evie?"

"Indeed I do!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Oh, Betts, darling, I hope you will be happy! So—so happy!"

They clung together in a close embrace; then, as if by mutual consent, they mounted the steep little stairs and retired for the night.

Evelyn, however, could not sleep. She tossed restlessly about on her pillow, and at last rose and knelt beside the open window. A feeling of unhappiness possessed her, a vague dissatisfaction with a life which, but a few hours before, had seemed very worth the living.

"I ought to be ashamed!" she whispered, with a catch in her breath. "My life is so much brighter than that of most women. Look at poor Betts, how hard she works for so little!"

Minutes passed. The mellow boom of the bell buoy out in the channel drifted across the water; there was the crisp swish of the ebbing surf, like wind in autumn leaves.

She turned at last to her couch. "It's the moonlight that makes me cry," she explained to herself. "It always did put me out of sorts."

Despite a restless night, however, she rose early for her morning dip. She was in her bathing suit and lacing her sneakers, when a sudden thought gave her pause. She rose, took her fisher-girl costume from its hook and slipped into it with a smile. "I might as well get used to it," she thought, and went out softly that she might not waken the sleeping Betty.

As she turned the point of land which hid the beach from the small town, she stopped abruptly. On the old flat-bottomed punt, long ago flung ashore in some storm, sat a fisher-lad in a ragged suit. His trousers were rolled to his knees and his black hair was wet and curly from his recent plunge in the surf. He saw her and frowned; then, as a second glance took in her loveliness, his face softened. He rose, bowed and turned away.

"Don't go!" she cried hastily. Then, remembering her fisher-girl dress, she dropped her eyes and stammered, "Excuse me. I didn't know anybody was here so early."

The fisher-boy smiled reassuringly. "I ai[illegible] got no business here," he answered [illegible] with an effort. "I just rowed over from the island. My boat's round the curve yonder. I'm cook for a party of gentlemen who came down to the big hotel for some fishin'."

Evelyn lifted a timid head. "My folks live in Earton. Pa furnishes the fish for your big hotel over there and sometimes when they're awful busy I wait table."

His eyes, expressive of mingled curiosity and admiration, smiled down at her. "Mebby that's where I seen you, then. Your face looks awful familiar to me."

She colored vividly and turned as if to retreat.

"Please!" he stretched out a quick hand. "You were goin' swimmin', weren't you? And now you won't 'cause I'm here. I'll go right away."

Evelyn's heart was beating tumultuously. If only Mr. Walton could see him! He was perfect, simply perfect! De Lancy could never look like that! Would it be possible—if only she could interest him——

"I don't care if you go in, too," she said shyly. "The ocean's awful wide here."

He laughed merrily, revealing two rows of white teeth. "I'll show you a new stroke that one of the gentlemen showed me. He's some swimmer, believe me."

Evelyn waded gingerly into the water—she, who always took her dip with a plunge and a dive—and at once he held out a helping hand.

"You ain't no water dog, if your pap does fish for a livin'," he teased.

"I've allus been afraid, tho I was born right here in Earton," she answered. Her thoughts were flying here and there, striving to form some definite plan of action. She realized that she must hold him somehow, until she could decide what to do.

"He's just a boy," she thought. "He doesn't seem a day over 18, and he looks so real! Mr. Walton would be delighted with him. If only he could be taught to act—to make love—I might be able to make him care for me a little—just a very little. He would soon forget. Boys forget easily and I am so much older. I might be the means of making his fortune. With that face he should succeed on the screen."

With a start, she realized that he had spoken and was waiting for an answer. She replied at random, "I ain't much of a swimmer. I reckon I never will be, bein' afraid like that. I wish somebody could teach me. Mebby then Pa wouldn't scold me so much. He don't like it 'cause I don't learn."

"I'll help you," he offered quickly. "I can come over most any day that the weather's fit. The gentlemen let me have a lot of time to myself. Try this side stroke now. You put your arms so, and strike out with your feet."

Over the breakfast coffee Evelyn told Betty all about it. "I'm going to telegraph Mr. Walton this morning," she finished, "and tell him to run down and look him over."

"I think you're horrid, Evie," cried the tender-hearted Betty. "To deliberately plan to make that poor boy love you! Something dreadful should happen to you."

Evelyn laughed as she pushed back her chair and took up her hat. "You forget that I may be his good fairy," she mocked. "Two years from now a second De Lancy may rise above the movie horizon, all because of me. Want to go down to the telegraph office with me?"

A week later Director Walton answered the telegram in person. "Sorry not to get here sooner," he apologized, "but we're awfully busy just now."

He listened to Evelyn's enthusiastic explanations with a twinkle in his eye; and at last she stopped and lifted an accusing finger. "You're laughing at me, and that isn't fair! I think you might trust me not to call you down here on a wild goose chase. I tell you he's wonderful—just what you want!"

"I never was more serious, young lady!" protested the director. "Ain't I here? What better proof can a busy man give? Let's hike out now and look him over. I've got to catch that next train back to town."

"Wait till I slip into my dress," said Evelyn, hurrying out. When she had returned in her fisher-girl costume, she explained her plan. "I'll let you walk with me out to the point, yonder, but we must part there and I will go on to the old punt where I always meet him. Later, you will stroll by and ask your way to somewhere. And don't forget to ask me where I live. My father furnishes all the fish for the big hotel over yonder on the island. How do you like my rig-out? Isn't the patch on my skirt neat work? Shows I come of poor but respectable parents and all that."

Instantly Director Walton was serious. He fingered a sleeve of her dress approvingly. "That's great stuff! Where'd you dig it up? Looks like what grandmother used to make on a loom."

Evelyn made a low bow. "That, most august director, is homespun! 'Tis what your Majesty ordered."

"You're a peach all right, Miss Stanley!" he commended. Suddenly he threw back his head with a big laugh. Evelyn stiffened resentfully.

"I beg your pardon!" he hastily sobered his countenance. "But that's just the word for you. You are a peach! And this costume is great work. Believe me, we're going to make them all sit up and take notice of 'The Girl on the Beach.'"

Evelyn was still offended at hi[illegible] amuse[illegible] [illegible] however. She turned toward the door with a shrug. "I don't know what's the matter with you," she answered as they left the room. "Maybe you're temporarily deranged, or perhaps somebody has left you a fortune since I last saw you. Anyhow I'm glad to see you so merry. Yonder is the point. There's where I go on alone. Wait till I get there. He'll be watching for me, he always is. He—I think he sort of likes me. And oh, yes, be sure and stay with us long enough to get him to smile. His teeth would make him a fortune in a tooth paste advertisement. Ask him about his invalid sister—bring it in somehow. She will never be any better and he thinks the world of her. It breaks him all up to talk about it. That will show you how good he is at the tragic stuff. He is so strong, too. Watch the play of his great, broad shoulders. He'd do big work in that wreck scene."

"You women are regular cats for cruelty," began Walton.

"I know." Evelyn had the grace to hang her head.

"You didn't let me finish," the twinkle reappeared in his shrewd eyes. "You are cats for cruelty, but you're no worse than the men, my dear. Now run along to your fisher-lad."

Had Evelyn really been as indignant at her director as she pretended, she would have forgiven him because of the way he handled the trying scene with the boy. He strolled casually by and stopped to ask his way to some curio shop where he might buy shells. For a moment Evelyn was in a panic. If she lived in the village, as she had told her companion, she should know all about such places—and did not! But the fisher-lad answered with careless ease, directing the inquirer to a little hut humped up on a sand dune some distance away, where an old woman eked out a pitiful existence by selling the sea curios which were thrown up on the beach.

Walton then politely asked the fisher-girl where she lived and what was her father's occupation, and was blandly interested in her shy, ingenious replies. Thru it all he preserved an unbroken gravity. Only once did he cause her a quickened heartbeat, and then he merely stooped with suddenness to tie his shoe. She could not blame him. The fisher-lad's speech was atrocious! Thank goodness they didn't screen grammar!

As soon as she dared after Walton's departure she made an excuse to the boy and hurried back to her boarding-house.

"Well, what do you think of him?" she demanded, as she ran breathlessly up the steps of the cottage, where the director sat talking to Betty.

Walton waved his lighted cigar. "Fine! Never saw anything better. Keep him coming; I'll use him. Sure! He's got the makings of a great screen actor. Say, I've got to go now. Just have to catch that train. Here, hadn't I better take down the name of your landlady in case I want to telegraph you?"

He fished in his pocket and drew out a yellow slip. "Write it down for me."

Evelyn took the paper. In an instant he had snatched it from her, his face scarlet. "Tut, tut! That's your telegram! Thought I had my notebook. Here it is. Write it there. Thanks. Let me hear how you get along. Good-by."

Evelyn stood a long moment staring after his retreating figure. "Betty," she said in a curious voice, "that was not my telegram! I saw just one word of it as he snatched it back. Nowhere in my telegram did I say a thing about a 'peach.'"

The days passed swiftly. Each morning the fisher-lad and the fisher-lass met for a glorious swim before breakfast. Just at sunrise, always, because the boy must be back to cook for his gentlemen. He found time, too, for an afternoon dip; and each of them enjoyed sitting on the sands in the moonlight. Had it not been that Betty was most blissful when writing long letters to her betrothed, she could have complained most reasonably of neglect.

At first Evelyn was keenly interested and happy; but as the days passed she was aware of a vague, unreasonable depression. Later, she found that she was dividing time into two parts, happy hours spent with the boy, and dull hours away from his presence. Slowly and with indescribable torment of soul, realization came. She loved him. She who had so lightly planned his undoing was now reaping her just reward. She loved him—and was years and years his senior! Almost old enough to be his mother, she agonized, in a frantic unreasonableness that refused facts.

One evening a storm crept up out of the sea. All night it raged, lashing madly at the sands as a vicious fiend might strike at a white and whimpering child. Evelyn could not sleep, but knelt beside the window watching the lightning hurl its vivid fury against the shuddering waters. The moon was hidden by banks of clouds that scurried in affrighted columns across the sky. Far out over the waste of tortured waters rose again and again a rocket of fire, a doomed ship's signal of distress. She hid her eyes and lifted her shaken soul in prayer for those who were under the shadow of death.

At daybreak she dressed and hurried down to the beach. The waves were still high, but weary now. They s[illegible]d along the sands in eerie, whistling [illegible]bs like the quick breaths of a spent runner. The old punt was gone, washed higher up on the beach in scattered kindlings. Yonder lay a crumpled ship's smallboat, pregnant with tragedy. All about was a pitiful wreckage, strewn in the wake of the storm.

With the unreasoning terror of the woman who loves, Evelyn cried out suddenly and clasped her hands to her throat. Had her fisher-lad tried to come to her last night, to keep the moonlight tryst? Was he, even now, fathoms deep beneath those treacherous waters?

She strained her gaze across the quieting waves to the island whose white cliffs gleamed in the morning's brightness. Her eye caught a bobbing black dot far out from shore. Scarce breathing, she stood and waited till the fisher-boy had beached his boat and had come running lightly to her over the sands.

She held out her arms. "Oh," she whispered to him, "I was afraid for you, so, so afraid!" She wavered an instant, then turned and ran wildly back to the cottage and stumbled into Betty's room.

"Oh, Betty," she cried in piteous tones, "oh, Betty, I love him so—and I must never see him again!"

All day, behind locked doors, she fought out her battle alone, deaf to poor, frightened Betty's entreaties. But when the soft dusk fell she came forth, dry-eyed, and greeted her tearful cousin.

"He will be waiting for me," she said calmly. "It will be good-by."

He was waiting; and at the look in his eyes her heart throbbed high with joy and sank again to a dull misery. He held out quick hands; for a moment it seemed he could not speak. Then he cried huskily, "Girl—girl, how I love you!"

He passed his hand with yearning tenderness over her soft hair. His face set to hard lines of pain. He turned and went running, stumbling, down the sands. She watched him row away, her hands strained across her breast. When the boat was but a black speck against the sheen of the waters she went home.

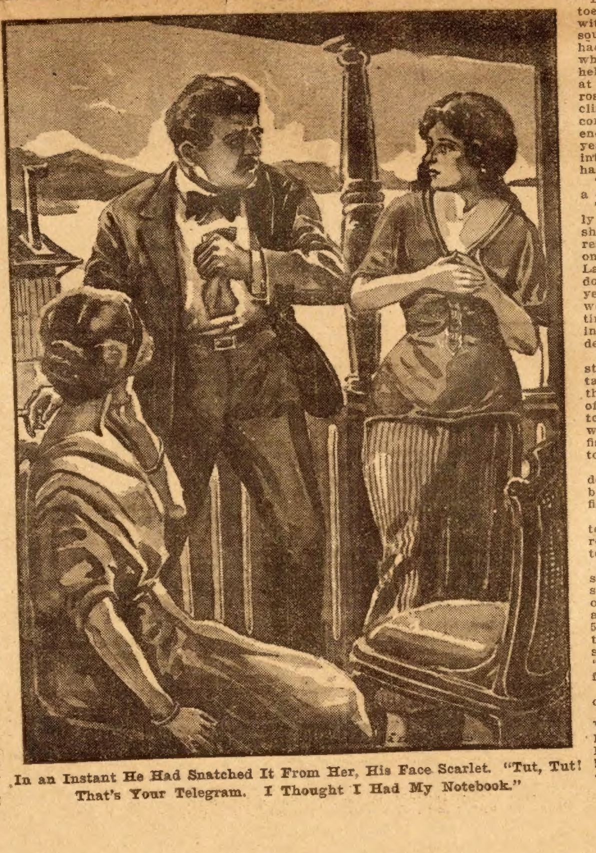
Just how she gained the house she could not have told. Nor did she realize that she was panting exhaustedly, as one who has battled with a high wind.

"We must go, Betty," she cried shrilly, "I cannot see another sunrise on the water! Help me—help me to get away!"

Director Walton, struggling strenuously with an unwieldy scenario, stopped long enough to stare in dismay when Evelyn entered his studio.

"Why, what the dickens——" he began, his keen eyes searching her white face. Then he turned back to his work. "Try that again, Sims!" he barked. "Put some life into it! I've got to have a show of emotion here! If you can't scare up any marital grief, just remember that she's gone off with your bank roll! Now then—camera!"

At his first leisure moment he crossed to Evelyn's side. "What is it?" he demanded.



In an Instant He Had Snatched It From Her, His Face Scarlet. "Tut, Tut! That's Your Telegram. I Thought I Had My Notebook."

She made a brave attempt at a smile. "I found that he wouldn't do after all; and I am not very well, so I came home."

"You're not going back on me?" he reproached.

"No," she answered in a tired voice, "but I would like to begin on the work at once if possible. I want to get it over."

He gave her a sharp glance of inquiry, but her head was turned and she did not see.

"I'll telegraph De Lancy," he said, tapping his fingers together thoughtfully. "If he is ready I'll turn over the stuff here at the studio to Willis and begin on 'The Girl on the Beach' at once. When I hear from him I'll call you up. Better see a doctor. You're pale."

She forced a laugh. "Oh, I'll be all right. But that's the reason I want to hurry with this. I might get ill and spoil it all."

Once back in her apartments, she submitted wearily to Betty's solicitous administrations.

"Let me read to you, dear," her cousin insisted, after hat and wrap had been removed and Evelyn comfortably disposed on a couch. "Here's a new Film World. Shall I——"

"No!" replied Evelyn fretfully.

"It has De Lancy's latest photo. Isn't he handsome?"

Evelyn held out a languid hand, and together they studied the picture. "He is good-looking," Evelyn admitted in grudging tones, "but he's too immaculate in evening clothes. This is the first time I've ever seen him off the film. Of course, on the screen one can tell but little about the real man behind the makeup."

"His face is youthful," said Betty, studying the picture closely. "I guess it's that streak of white hair which makes him look old."

"He features that hair; it's his mark of distinction. I'm wondering how he will manage it in 'The Girl on the Beach.' None of these hair dyes will stay on in salt water, you know. Of course, he can shave his mustache," she took the picture and examined it with a puzzled frown. "Mr. Walton is right. He is the man for the part. Smooth-faced and in rough garb, he would look years younger."

"Do you know, Evelyn," Betty smiled prettily, "he isn't nearly so handsome as my Bobby."

Remembering Bobby Hammond, Evelyn smiled; then turned away with a sharp pain at her heart. Betty's shy happiness was almost more than she could bear.

"I believe I'll try to nap now, Betts, dear," she said. "I haven't rested well for several nights, so if I should get to sleep don't waken me for lunch."

But when Betty had kissed her and tiptoed away she lay staring at the wall with burning eyes, striving to fit her soul to an existence without the boy she had so strangely come to love. For a while, by a supreme effort of will, she held herself quiet upon the couch. But at last action became a necessity. She rose and paced the floor, her hands clinched at her sides. She must—must conquer this terrible longing that threatened to overwhelm her, this hungry yearning to see him once more, to look into his eyes and feel the touch of his hand!

"He is only a boy!" she whispered with a dry sob, "and I am 27!"

The desk 'phone rang. She went slowly to it. "Walton talking," came the sharp, answering voice. "De Lancy's ready. Catch the 9:10 train for Earton-on-the-Sea. I'll get all of your and De Lancy's love scenes first, before I bring down the rest of the company. Why, yes, sure it's Earton! Best place in the world. Meant to take it there all the time. That's why I sent you down. Feeling better? Be on hand? All right; I'll depend on you. Good-by."

Evelyn dropped the receiver and strained her hands together across the table. Earton-on-the-Sea! Her beach, the place where she had had her dream of love, the grave of her hopes! To have to play at passion on the very spot where she had last looked into her fisher-lad's eyes and heard his heart-cry to her.

"Evie, dear," faltered Betty from the doorway, "won't you let me bring you a bite to eat now? There's the loveliest fish, and a lettuce——"

Evelyn raised a quiet face. "Mr. Walton has just 'phoned, Betty. De Lancy is ready and we start this evening for Earton-on-the-Sea."

Director Walton met them at the little station. "Sorry the train was late," he said. "Due an hour ago. I engaged your old rooms at Mrs. Jones'. Get to sleep as soon as you can. I will want you at 5 in the morning. Sun gets up early this time of the year and we want all the sunrise-on-the-water stuff we can get in 'The Girl on the Beach.' Come dressed for the part and don't be late."

"I'll not," promised Evelyn apathetically.

But she was—quite fifteen minutes! When she rounded the point of land that hid the beach from the town she found Mr. Walton pacing up and down, pulling his mustache with nervous fingers and

(Continued on Page 18.)

*A Very Devil of a Fellow Was the German Captain, but His Charms Were Disregarded by*

# THE TRAITOR

## By James C. Young

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"U-26 CAPTURED; thirty-two men and four officers taken prisoner," was the line which caught Franz Hauser's eye on opening the morning's fresh copy of his favorite paper. Franz read the line again, then looked at the large picture showing several of the crew. In one lower corner of this picture was a small photograph of the U-boat, and in the opposite corner above the likeness of her Captain. Franz studied the man's face and felt a pleasurable glow within him. He was about 35, this Captain, and had looked defiantly at the camera, unafraid in the midst of enemies. No, most certainly he had not been afraid. His arms were folded and he wore his cap at an angle which suited Franz mightily. He was a bold man, this Captain, a very daredevil of a man.

Hauser checked himself abruptly. Why should he feel that way? Was not his country at war with Germany? Did he not have his citizenship papers these ten years? They were in the little safe that stood to one side at the rear of his delicatessen shop. He half turned and glanced at the safe, just to confirm his recollection.

And it was not proper that he should feel pleased about anything German, even tho he, Franz Hauser, once had been a German himself. Yes, a German of the Germans, a Prussian in the Guard. But he knew that the flutter of his heart at sight of the Captain was not proper, and rebuked himself. Nevertheless his glance once more strayed to the picture of the crew, young, serious-looking fellows, who seemed half-afraid. And he glanced again at the Captain. No fear there, just a devil of a fellow who might have been scuttling ships since the day he was born.

Franz read a few lines of the more prominent news dispatches, then permitted the paper to fall upon the small table before which he was sitting at the rear of his shop. By looking one way he could see the door and the front of the shop and a glance in the opposite direction showed him the inner room where Lena was making his morning coffee.

Somehow he could not get his mind off that Captain. Foe or no foe, it was a hard thing to be fished up out of the sea in a net, like some finny creature, and brought to a far land. Franz slapped his thigh at the thought, and as quickly felt guilty. For he was a loyal man. He told himself that every morning and every night, the first and the last thing. All that he possessed, America had given him; all that he was, America had made him. He kept these two facts constantly before his vision. Not only in the morning and at night did he pledge his loyalty to himself, but many times between, for he wanted very much to believe it.

The upturned face of the Captain made him uneasy. He folded the paper and tried to put the thing from his mind. Then a customer entered and he went to serve her. But the moment she had gone his thoughts reverted to the Captain—a very devil of a fellow. Franz thought of himself, as he had been thirty years before. Ha! He was not such a bad fellow to look at then, the day that he joined the Guard. No! He was a big chap, six feet or more, and able to handle any man he ever had met. That was why they put him in the Guard, because he was a big fellow and looked well when he marched by the Emperor, head up, eyes right. He remembered that day when they had matched him against the fencers from other regiments at the maneuvers. He had bested them all, and the Emperor had clapped him on the shoulder. He was a man then, not a fat old fellow selling cheese. Franz drew himself straight and held his head high at the thought. And one who had glanced thru the window might have seen a man who was not half so old or so fat as he thought himself. He was somewhat formidable, standing there behing his counter, with jaw set and mustache twisted to two points. A timid man would have hesitated about asking him for a dime's worth of lard, or even a quarter's worth of butter.

But the thrill of other days quickly passed, and Franz reproached himself. America was his country. Here he had lived and would die. He was a loyal man.

Going to the door of his shop, Franz opened it, and looked out across the grimy street, awaking to the business of the day. A few squares away lay the river. He could just perceive the water from his shop door. Where had they brought the submarine? The paper had merely said "an Atlantic port." Franz would have liked to inspect it, one of these famous U-boats. And maybe he could have seen the Captain, too. But he gave up the thought as impractical. What time had the keeper of a Hoboken delicatessen shop to leave his place in Jersey and go wandering off to New York because of a U-boat? It was another reason to chide himself on this day of reproaches.

A voice called to him from inside the shop. So he closed the door and went back to his table and his paper. Lena had placed a big cup of coffee there along with his breakfast and he fell to like a hungry man.

As Franz ate a rowboat drew into a dock at the foot of the street where he had glimpsed the river. The man in the boat jumped out smartly and made fast a line tied to the bow. He did it with a deftness that suggested a practiced hand. Then he looked about him and walked up the street, leaving the river behind. Over his clothes he wore a dark raincoat, and on his head was a cap that seemed reminiscent of the sea. As he went along the man looked at the shops on either side of the street. Twice he hesitated and read the names displayed on their signboards. At the second stop it took him some time to decide, but he finally moved away. A third time he halted, near the delicatessen shop of Franz Hauser. And there in big gold letters on the window glass was Hauser's name. The man in the raincoat considered it carefully, repeating it to himself, and nodded as tho satisfied. He went up to the window and saw that there was no customer inside the shop, then opened the door and stepped within.

Franz heard the door open and muttered in annoyance. These customers always came when a man was eating his breakfast. This one could wait, for all he cared. So he called out a gruff word and continued eating with the methodical enjoyment of one who eats largely and well.

The owner of the raincoat said nothing, but considered the master of the shop from a distance. Apparently pleased by what he saw, the man walked toward Hauser's table. And a moment later Franz was looking at him in surprise. Then his face went white, he stammered and struggled to his feet. The Captain of the U-26 stood before him.

Instantly the Captain sensed Hauser's amazement. He stepped back a pace and his eyes came together in a fighting scowl. Truly, Franz thought in swift appraisal, this was a devil of a fellow. But he said, "What do you want?" and asked it as tho he had not recognized the man.

The Captain made no answer, but continued looking at Franz. Then he glanced about the shop, inspecting every corner, and finally at the table, where he saw the picture of himself and his boat and his crew. He seized upon the paper and the sharp intake of his breath confirmed what Franz already knew.

"I have just escaped," said the Captain, throwing down the paper.

"Yes," said Hauser, without comment, but filling his eye with the image of this man he had wanted to see, and whom he now dreaded to look upon.

"You must help me. They will be after me soon."

Help him! That was a different matter, thought Franz, and he answered, "No, I can't do it."

"What! You—a German!" and the Captain stepped forward threateningly. Franz stood his ground.

"You must hide me," said the Captain, low, slowly and looking him in the eyes. "I command you—in the name of the Fatherland! In the name of the Kaiser—I command you! Listen—I have important secrets. You must help me. I have no money—nothing. They will follow me—are after me now."

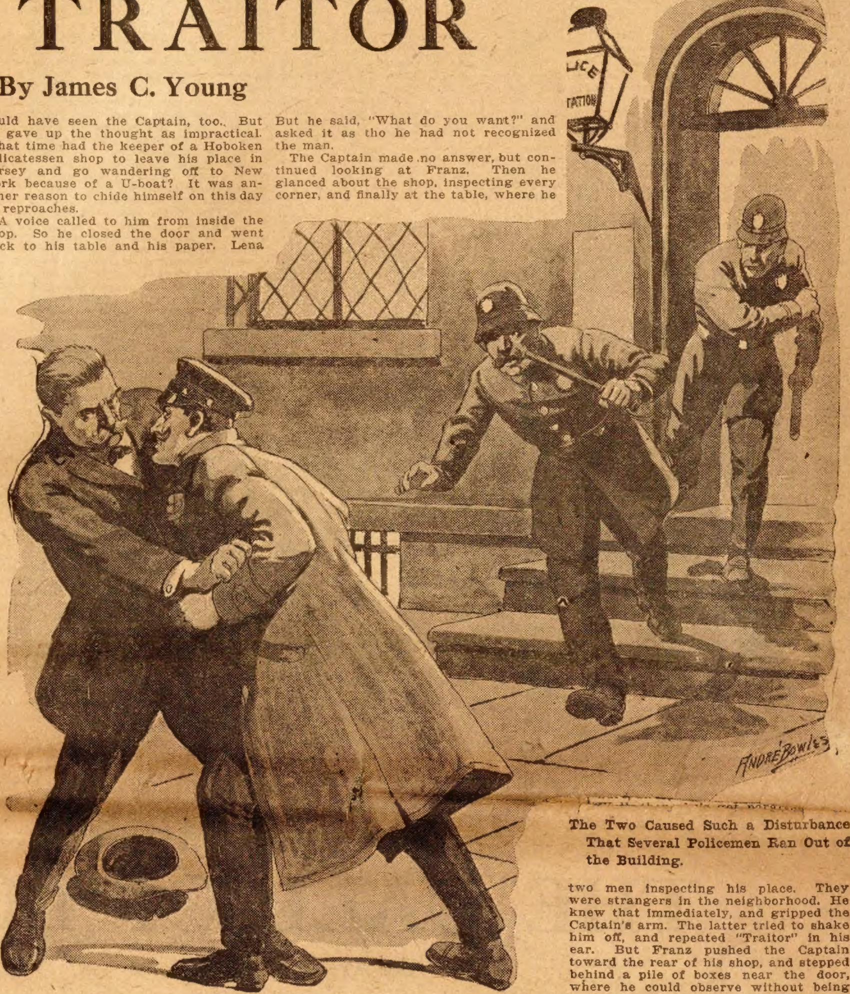
Franz drew one big hand across his brow, wheeled swiftly and closed the door behind him, where he heard Lena stirring. He almost hoped that he would turn around to find the man gone, that he had been mistaken. But the Captain was there to challenge him with his penetrating glance.

"Don't ask me," entreated Franz. "I'm not a German. I'm an American. I can't hide you, I can't. Don't ask me. Go, quick. And here, take this." He drew forth his wallet, emptying the contents. But the Captain stepped back, refusing the money.

"Traitor!" he said, "you, a German, refuse me? Every man in the Fatherland shall know you. Every woman, the children, shall revile you. You shall be damned by every German."

"No—no—no," pleaded Franz. "I can't, don't ask me. Go, quick," and he pushed the Captain toward the door.

But at that instant Franz looked without, and there, across the street, he saw two men inspecting his place. They were strangers in the neighborhood. He knew that immediately, and gripped the Captain's arm. The latter tried to shake him off, and repeated "Traitor" in his ear. But Franz pushed the Captain toward the rear of his shop, and stepped behind a pile of boxes near the door, where he could observe without being seen. Now the two men were in consultation, still looking across the street.



**The Two Caused Such a Disturbance That Several Policemen Ran Out of the Building.**

What should he do? He was a loyal man, but he could not surrender a fugitive, such a devil of a fellow who had outwitted his captors and won freedom by right of daring.

The Captain also had seen the two figures over the way, and called to Franz, "Well, why don't you hand me over? Probably they will give you a reward."

"I don't want any reward," said Franz, then turned about quickly. The men were crossing the street. In one stride Franz had reached the trapdoor opening to his basement, had thrown it back and forced the Captain into the black cavity below. Just as he dropped the trap easily into place, the door of his shop was opened and the two men entered. But the trap was out of sight, at the far end of the counter, and they had not seen. Franz came toward them without sign of emotion and faced the two across his shop counter.

"Well?" he said.

They eyed him sharply; then the one who seemed to be in authority answered: "We are looking for a man who must have passed this way in the last half hour. He probably wore the uniform of a foreign ship officer and a cap. Have you seen him?"

"No."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Yes."

"Now, look here, my man, a boy told us that he saw a man come in here who just about answered the bill. We don't want any funny business," and he drew back his coat, exposing the badge of a Federal officer.

Franz looked at the badge attentively, then at the man, showing just the proper shade of interest.

"Spy?" he asked.

"Yes," said the officer, "but never mind your questions. What became of that man?"

"Well, I didn't see any one in an officer's uniform. But there was a fellow in here about twenty minutes ago, wearing a derby and a gray suit. He wanted——"

Franz stopped abruptly, for the second of the two men had stepped to the closed door at the rear of his shop, and flung it open. There was the sound of a surprised exclamation, and a moment later the man brought Lena forth, red of face and ready to cry.

"She was listening at the door," he said. "There's something wrong here."

"Let her alone," ordered Franz, moving from behind the counter. "What do you mean by treating my wife that way?"

"Oh, we won't bother her," said the leader of the two, as the second disappeared into the room back of the shop. Franz started to follow him, but thought better of it, and drew Lena behind the counter, with a comforting word. She was whimpering a bit, and he took advantage of the opportunity to place her in a chair directly above the trap.

When the other man came back Franz said to him stiffly: "You've got no right to come in my place and act like that. But I don't want any trouble. There ain't been any officer here, only a fellow in a derby hat and a gray suit."

"What did he want?" resumed his questioner of a moment before.

"A dime's worth of ham and some crackers."

"Which way did he go?"

"That way," answered Franz, pointing toward the river.

"Eh? He went toward the river? Are you certain?"

"Yes, I believe so. He started that way."

"What are you—a German?"

"I am an American citizen," replied, Franz, coldly.

"All right, Hauser, I guess you'll do. But these are bad times, and we can't trust everybody."

"Oh, that's all right, don't bother about me. What's this fellow done?"

The man in command smiled. "Enough," he answered, and went out the door with his companion, nodding farewell.

When they had gone, Lena sprang from the chair and rushed toward Franz. But he seized one of her arms and twisted it savagely by way of warning. "Sh-h-h!" he said. But she would not be silenced.

"What have you done?" she demanded in a whisper. "The police will get us. They will send you to prison. Me, too—and take our store away, and——"

"Hush, woman!"

But the floodgates of Lena's anxiety were down and she poured out her agitation. The better to dam this rising tide, Franz led her to the open door at the back of the shop, pushed her within, and closed the door.

A traitor! Yes, he was a traitor—to the United States. All of his carefully nurtured [illegible]

But a customer entered at the moment and he was forced to put on a bold face, altho the storm raged within him. No sooner had the customer gone than another came, and so it went for a good half hour before he again was idle. By that time his anxiety had turned into a dull fear of the consequences that might befall him, mixed with anger against the man beneath the shop floor. Both emotions contended with sympathy for the fugitive and a measure of admiration for such a devil of a fellow.

What was to be done? That little chap, the one who had searched his place, had a look in his eye that Franz did not like. He was certain that the man suspected him, and would make the other suspicious, too. Even now he was under watch. He felt it, and started toward the door to look around. But he caught himself in time and turned back. That would be a frank avowal of guilt. He must remain where he was. As for the Captain, the man could not leave the shop.

Now Franz went cautiously to the trap, raised it again and called to the prisoner. When the other answered Franz told him in hurried words his fear of being watched, and bid the officer keep out of sight.

"Why didn't you turn me over?" asked the Captain.

"I couldn't," said Franz, simply.

"Brave fellow! I knew you were a good German."

Franz started at the name, but it also stirred something proud in his heart.

"I was in the Guard," he said.

"Ah, the Guard! Why the devil didn't you stay there? You shall help me. I will reward you."

But the door latch clicked, and Franz hurriedly put the trap in place again. Then he arose, fearfully, but only to find a child standing at the counter. Her departure left him in the grip of all the old doubts. He could not keep a missing prisoner in his cellar indefinitely. And the premises might be thoroly searched at any minute.

Franz was convinced that his place had been put under watch. One mistake and he would find himself in trouble. So he stood behind his counter and fumed as the hours passed. Lena came in and added to his uneasiness. But he absolutely refused to answer her questions, and she left him again. Along in the afternoon Franz heard a cautious tapping in the region of the trap door and went to open it.

"Are you going to let me stay here without food?" asked the Captain.

"Oh," said Franz, "I had forgotten," and he went to bid Lena prepare lunch for the stranger guest. Then he returned to the open trap, careful to keep watch on the front door.

"When can I leave here?" asked the officer. "I can't stay much longer."

"Not before tonight," answered Franz, "maybe not then. I believe my place is watched"

"Have you seen anybody?" asked the officer, alarm in his voice.

"No, but I am sure of it."

"Go outside and look around."

"But they will suspect me."

"Not at all. Can't a man take a walk in this America of yours? Look at every man you meet. Then come back and tell me what you saw. We will decide if the shop is watched."

The habit of obeying a superior was still strong in the life of Franz. So he put on his hat and stepped out upon the pavement, leaving Lena in charge.

The first man Franz met chanced to glance at him, and he almost surrendered without even a challenge. In one swift moment he experienced all the sensations of arrest, conviction and a life of prison toil. After the man had passed, he was but a shade easier, for it might well be that his arrest was only delayed. Nevertheless he strode on, trying to seem unconcerned. When he had progressed a half block the thing became easier. Franz forgot to inspect the passersby in his elation, and did not remember until he had almost circled the block. Once he started to go back, but decided that there was nothing to apprehend and so returned much more cheerful than he had gone forth. His report convinced the Captain that all was well, and moved him to a prompt decision.

"I will go now," he said, "and not wait for night."

"No," answered Franz, "you must stay until dark. I can't let you leave my place in daylight."

The officer was inclined to insist, but Franz stood by his decision, and would not be persuaded. Neither would he permit the officer to quit the cellar. The Captain accepted his position as best he might, and Franz put the trap in place again, biding the approach of darkness. That would not be long, he assured himself, with a lightening of heart at the prospect. Now even the first street lights were beginning to twinkle. And the evening's patrons were drifting in for their dole of food. But finally the last one was gone, and he again was alone, save for Lena, stirring in the back room, and the man beneath the trap. Several times Franz had heard the prisoner's summons on the trap door, but each time he delayed answering it. Now the Captain was hammering in emphatic fashion. Franz looked about him helplessly, his very bigness hindering him in this time of crisis.

Should he, after these years of striving to be a good American, turn traitor at last? But was he not already a traitor? Franz became weak at the thought. He—a traitor!

And if he surrendered the Captain he would do a countryman irreparable injury. That was hard—especially when the fugitive was a bold man like this sailor, a very devil of a fellow. How had he escaped his captors, and what strange trick of fate had directed him to Franz's door? Franz had meant to ask, but the press of circumstances had left him no time. Suffice it that the man was there and must be gotten away.

Again the Captain hammered on the trap door. Irresolute still, but his mind half made up, Franz stood with hands on broad hips, gazing at the door. What he was to do, he must do quickly. For Lena would soon come in and there would be more protests, more tears. Franz slipped off his apron and into his coat and hat. Then he opened the trap and there was the Captain looking at him.

"Why the devil did you keep me here so long?" demanded the officer.

"Patience," said Franz. "Now, come with me, and softly. I don't want Lena to hear."

"You need not go with me," answered the Captain, "I shall only require a little money, and I will not forget. You shall hear from me. Some big things are to be done in America. We will need every German, and a man like you—a man who has been in the Guard—will find plenty to do—but you will know your part soon enough."

Franz looked at him. "I had better go with you, a little way," he said, "and then it will be all right."

Quietly they stepped into the street and around the corner. No one paid them heed. There was no restraint, no pursuit. The Captain breathed deep of the fresh air and drew his head higher. Franz felt his own heart respond. The danger was past now. He took the Captain by the arm and led him along the street.

"You can leave me when you like," said the Captain.

"Presently," answered Franz, "I am looking for a certain corner."

In the distance he perceived the place that he sought, with a green light burning outside. As the two neared the building Franz's grip insensibly tightened on the officer's arm. Then he said: "Just let us stop here a minute." The Captain looked about him hurriedly, swore a great German oath and tried to break away. Franz held him. But the man was powerful beyond his stature and struggled mightily. It took all of Franz's strength to fling him against the building. Even then he could not hold this slight sailor, who fought like a desperate man, shrieking curses in the ear of Franz. The two caused such a disturbance that several policemen ran out of the buildings and laid hold of both. When they had been torn apart the Captain's rage turned to cold scorn.

"Traitor!" he cried, and spat at the feet of Franz.

Franz hung his head and looked away. "This is the Captain of the U-26," he stated wearily. "He came to my place and wanted me to hide him. I did— today—but I couldn't let him go. Take him. Take me."

"I guess it's all right," said one of the men, "and there's a reward for this fellow."

"I don't want any reward," answered Franz. "I was almost a——"

"Traitor!" cried the Captain, as they led him away.

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# THE CALL OF LOVE

## By Alvah Milton Kerr

Primitive life with its lessons in primeval passion stripped the cloak of civilization from Marsh's shoulders, and made him fight for the woman he loved.

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JADED and restless, John Marsh got up from the sumptuous bed. He sat on the edge of it a few moments listening, an impatient scowl on his gaunt face. From the ballroom, somewhere above him in the big hotel, came the music of an orchestra and the faint, satiny shuffling of feet sliding rhythmically to and fro upon a polished floor. He looked at his watch. It was but eleven and the music and dancing would continue yet for a long time.

He craved sleep as the starving crave food. For weeks it had come to him only fitfully, and sometimes thru whole nights not at all. In him the implacable acid of insomnia worked, unwearied weariness, the wage of sinful strain and toil. With a grimace he arose and pushed an electric button and sat down in the rosy flare of a pink-shaded lamp. He closed his eyes, rolling his strong head slowly from side to side upon the cushioned back of the chair. He had come to Thermal Springs for the baths, treatment heralded as magic for many ills and balm for those who starved for sleep. And the management gave a noisy ball twice each week! It was insufferable. He picked up a periodical from the table and began turning the leaves. Upon an inner page his eye caught a peculiar caption: "The Virtues of Wild Waters." It had an alluring sound and he began to read:

> Here thru the leafy shadows glides an amber-brown brook, a brook stained by the vegetable juices of deep swamps and filtering layers of forest mold. Dip up some of the water in a glass, and it is like clear old wine, whose last lees settled to the bottom half a century ago. Even when the sun breaks thru screening boughs and turns the brook to transparent gold, you may kneel and look in vain for any floating particles of impurity. Drink of it with delight and without fear. It is the tonic wild water of the woods; there is virtue in every drop.

Marsh lifted his dark eyes with a deepening luster in them; he stirred in the easy chair as if touched by unaccustomed pleasure. For a moment he had visions of a deep green forest in Wisconsin as he knew it when a child; the very smells of it seemed to rise to his nostrils. He again eagerly dropped his eyes to the printed page:

> When a man has drunk copiously of this elixir for a week, food will begin to have once more the old ambrosial flavor it had in the days of his youth, and sleep will again fold him in the seamless mantle that she threw about him in his childhood.

Marsh sat for a few moments, his eyes still dwelling upon the printed page, but the letters fused together and the page faded away. He was again in the swampy woods back of the "big field" on his father's farm, and the satiny shuffling of feet in the ballroom became whispering winds, and the orchestra's strains were bird-songs.

"Pshaw! I am going crazy!" he burst out. "That stuff is simply poetic nonsense!" He threw the periodical aside and went to an open window and looked out. From the height upon which the hotel stood he looked westward across the roofs of lesser buildings to the tumbled world of the Big Hills, dim and vague in the moonlight as domes of fading smoke. "I wonder if there might not be such streams of water, there in the woods?" he reflected. "Pah! the stuff is humbuggery! Still, there might be some virtue in drinking a lot of pure water, and benefit in hunting for it." He looked up. How indescribably clear and large were the stars! How different from the pale drizzle of stars that sometimes glinted brokenly thru the pall of smoke that hung over Chicago! He had come from ten years of struggle in that smoke. He thought with sickening revulsion of the rattle and roar of the loop district, of the bellowing clamor of the wheat and stock pits, of the feverous turmoil that had been his life. And he used to glory in it! Now the very thought of it rasped across his nerves like a blatant discord.

"The fight is certainly all out of me," he muttered, and turned back to the lamp. He sat down and brushed his unsteady fingers across his face in indecision. It was not his wont to vacillate. There was a look of push and dominance in his square chin and strong nose, but his body was flaccid, his mind worn. Besides, he was cynical; he did not believe much in anything or any one. In him was an accretion of distrust, that tragedy of doubt which gathers and hardens in one long and intimate part of a business the secret marrow of which is cruelty, with its outer aspect an alluring disguise. The declared virtues of "wild water" left his doubt unmastered, but the spirit of the flowery clauses clung in his mind like perfume. What would life be like out in the Big Hills? He thought of a conversation that had fallen between himself and a rheumatic guest that evening, down in the lobby of the hotel.

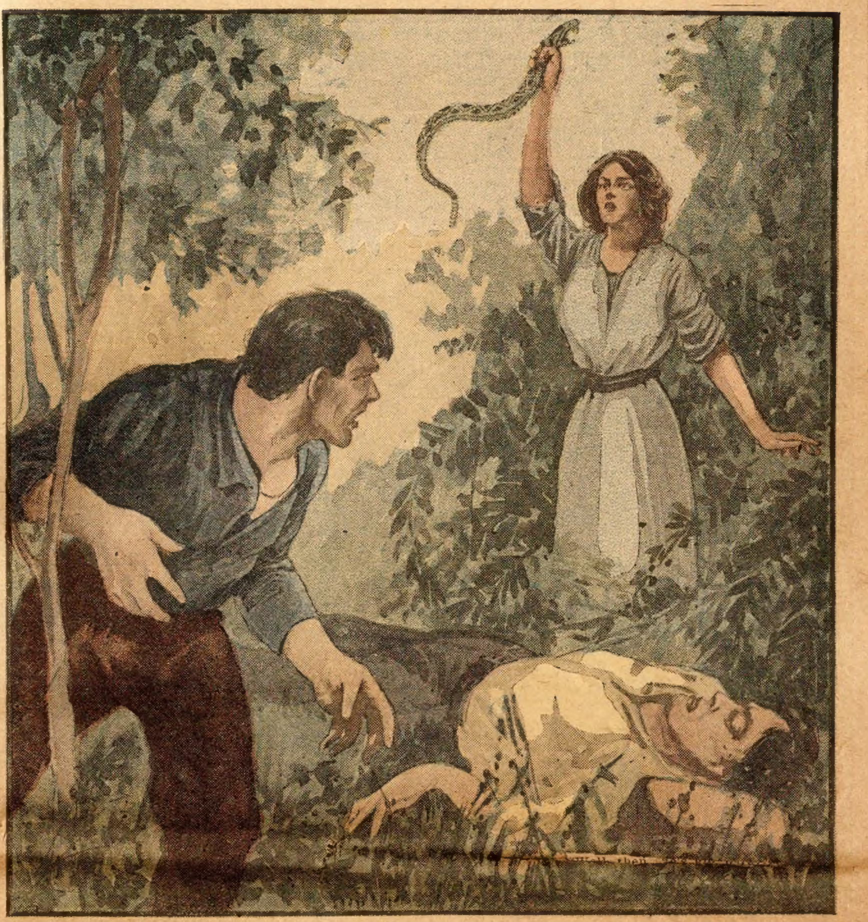
"I once worked this section of the Ozarks as a canvasser," the distempered young man had said. "Sold Bibles and revolvers to the natives, principally west of here. It is a big, breezy, rugged clutter of natural things out there; odd folks and odd ways. In the fall, piles of Ben Davis apples come down from that region. There's a family named Buckthorn in among the hills there, man and wife and daughter, who are distinct human beings. They are the biggest, freest sort of things! A good deal like the hills. Every stick of timber in their house is cedar; the whole thing smelled as nice as a cedar chest. And how that woman could fry chicken! I hung around there for three days. The girl was shy, but strong! I'll bet she could throw Frank Gotch! There is a lake in the woods near Buckthorn's. Say, if you like fishing you ought to go out there; it is only twenty or twenty-five miles. The bass in that lake are so tame and hungry they come right out of the water and rummage in your pockets for bait."

Marsh had lifted his hands in laughing protest as he walked away. The young fellow's talk barely interested him then; now it worked alluring fancies. A dwelling of cedar and smelling like a fragrant chest, and down in the deep woods somewhere a stream of brown-gold water that would bring sleep!

He got up quickly, threw off his silk sleeping-clothes and dressed himself in a plain gray suit, and with a heavy walking stick in his hand, went out. If he did not return that night he would send some one to the hotel for what he might need. He was going to find the cedar house and the wine-water! If he remained in his room no doubt he would lie awake all night. He would walk; he would tire his body in the open air. That or a sedative was his only hope. Night after night in Chicago, during the winter that had just passed, he had walked from his Auditorium apartments half way to Jackson Park and back, courting the drowsiness that follows the buffeting of cold winds and tired body cells.

By midnight he was in the fringe of the Big Hills beyond the limits of the little town, walking steadily westward on the main road. In him began to stir a pleasurable exhilaration, the hunter's expectancy, the explorer's mental warmth. Mystery whispered in the night-world about him; adventure lay ahead. He began to forget his ills.

Before starting, he had talked of the way with a hotel stable boy, a youth who



When She Rose, She Held It Gripped About the Neck.

knew the Hills as March knew LaSalle Street and the Board of Trade. Marsh went forward with the pictures it engendered floating vaguely in his mind. He felt no anxiety; in the morning, or sometime on the morrow, he would find the place. He would have the night to himself under the stars; if he grew tired enough he would lie down in some dry spot on a hillside and sleep. The fragrance and balm of young spring weather was in the air, a fresh and delicious coolness bathed him.

He found himself inwardly expressing amazement that heaven and earth could be so beautiful at night. He was surprised at the number of songs and cries to which the darkness gave voice. He never knew before that frogs sang, nor that their voices were like bells, nor that great choirs of them sang together in the swamps at night. He began to perceive that musical tone is the basis of almost all sound. The very hoot of owls had a mellow vibration.

At length the dawn began to break. The east took fire, and thru a half hour grew to an indescribable conflagration. Streamers of rose extended entirely across the heavens. He looked up into a dome beside the magnificence of which all the paintings and creations of man that he could remember seemed trivial. He saw how to south and west and north the Big Hills rolled their enormous green heaps into the sky, wondrous with the shimmer of the dawn's glow on millions of young leaves. Again he questioned why he had buried himself so long in confusion and ugliness and smoke.

It was five o'clock in the morning when he came to Hosea Meeting-house, a weather-beaten building by the roadside. An hour later he approached a house upon a slope that bent southward. It was a wide, squat affair with a long wing at the rear, and as brown as a chestnut. Below the house on the slope stretched a big orchard, a snowstorm of white blossoms, and below the orchard were wooded bottom-lands, and in the midst of these a little lake that seemed to gleam and roll upon its bed like a gigantic globule of quicksilver. The sight filled Marsh with fresh and pleasurable interest. The lake must be the one described as harboring the voracious bass, and the strange-looking dwelling must be Buckthorn's cedar house.

He felt it indelicate to call at the house while the hour was yet so early, and climbed over a low fence and sat down under an apple-tree to wait. Across the road from him lay a wood-pasture in which was a small herd of cattle. The place seemed very peaceful, and he began to drowse. But a moment later an angry, defiant roar across the way aroused him. He arose and leaned upon the fence, looking across the road at the cattle.

From a sparse clump of trees at the farther edge of the pasture he saw a red bull approaching the herd. The animal was bellowing a battle song, a hoarse bravura rumble that rose at times to a kind of boisterous trumpeting. The evident master of the herd, a huge black bull, shook its bulky head and, snorting and slavering, advanced to the combat. The red bull knelt upon its knees and tore the ground with its horns, bellowing defiance; the black animal also knelt and ripped its horns thru the dirt, grinding sand and dust into the matted hair of its forehead; then, after maneuvering in circles for a time, they suddenly came together and the battle was on.

Marsh held his breath by times, and his eyes glowed as he watched the combat. "The world-old brute battle for possession of the female," he reflected. "With man the same; fists and stones as weapons long ago; then spears and knives; then guns; now—money."

At that moment a girl approached along the road going toward the house. She was of well-rounded, willowy figure, but a head taller than the average woman, and moved with a quite indescribable air of physical power and vigor. Her gown was a cheap blue muslin and in her left hand she swung a white sunbonnet. In her right she carried a stone, as if in readiness to throw it at any fitting object that might present. Her face was radiant with mischief, health and the glory of the morning. When her eyes fell upon the battle in the pasture she stopped still and watched it with an interest so absorbing as to amount to a kind of ecstasy. She was not a hundred feet distant from Marsh, yet neither saw the other as they watched the struggle for leadership of the herd.

Back and forth the two powerful brutes hurled each other across the open ground, their joined skulls grinding together, their horns thumping and hammering. Some of the cows looked at them with a mild kind of wonder, while others began cropping the short grass indifferently.

Almost from the first shock of the encounter the red bull was beaten back by the greater weight and strength of its black antagonist, yet stuck with savage madness to the fight. With muscles quivering and bulging, with tendons and joints audibly straining and cracking, the enraged beasts battered across the open ground toward the farther clump of trees and back again almost to the road. There the red bull with twisting neck went down upon its knees and suddenly gave way with a bellowed cry of defeat, but was hurled into the fence by its charging foe. There was a crashing instant, a bawling roar of pain, and the red bull was crushed thru the splintered fence, rolling over in the dust of the road.

The black victor, extricating itself from the broken rails, shook its head and walked toward the cows, while the vanquished beast got to its feet and started eastward along the road, passing Marsh with outstretched, bloody muzzle and red eyes fixed agonizingly on the distance.

"You lost," he said half sadly. "Somehow I hoped you might win, but you were attacking the sacred rights of property—and that, you know, is dangerous business." His eyes turned to follow the defeated bull and fell upon the young woman. She stepped aside as the animal passed, looking at it with mingled scorn and commiseration.

"You weaklin', you quitter!" she exclaimed. "Why did you give up? Why didn't you die fightin'? I would!"

She looked after the retreating brute, and when it was a few rods distant lifted her arm and threw the stone that she held in her hand. The missile struck the creature with a dull thump, but the defeated one seemed not to know or care and fled onward dumbly. The young woman turned about and looked at the hulking victor beyond the fence. She studied the animal a moment.

"Pah! You big black tyrant! I don't like you neither!" she broke out, and began casting about the road for a stone to throw. At that she saw Marsh. His unexpected presence, the utter strangeness of the pale, thin-cheeked, hollow-eyed face looking toward her, sent a gleam of fright and wonder across her countenance. For a little she stared blankly; then her face turned scarlet.

Marsh was smiling. He took off his hat and climbed over the fence and stood by the road, but the girl thrust on her sunbonnet and started quickly toward the house. As she passed him he inquired respectfully if the place were Mr. Buckthorn's. She did not lift her hidden face nor speak, but nodded her head as she almost ran. He saw that she was laughing, and he himself chuckled pleasurably as he watched the willowy swaying of her splendid figure. Now he was wide awake; curiosity, interest, the odd elation he had felt under the night's spell, came back to him. Here, too, was a glimpse of something natural, to his eyes a new sort of woman and a new sort of beauty. He followed her slowly toward the house. She did not look back until entering the door; then her face turned toward him for an instant and was gone.

When he had come nearer, he saw that a great elm rose beyond the house, where a gate led to a group of sheds and log stables, and that maple trees shaded the yard of the dwelling. As he entered the yard, a huge man, bare-headed, barefooted and clad only in denim trousers and a "hickory" shirt, came out upon the porch of the structure. He looked at Marsh solemnly and with distinct hostility. Marsh glanced at the ponderous person on the porch, hesitated, then stepped forward, a smile lighting up his pale features.

"Good morning, sir," he said, in a tone diplomatically engaging. The big man stared at him a moment keenly, then leveled a commanding figure at him, much as one might point a pistol.

"Stop there, right there into your tracks!" he roared. "We ain't a-needin' any lightnin' rods, ner patent churns, ner fannin'-mills, ner subscription books! You don't need to come any furder!"

Marsh stopped as he was bidden, but laughed despite himself. "My dear sir," he said, "I have absolutely nothing to sell; neither am I detective, or insurance agent, or a horse-thief. Possibly you may doubt the latter statement, as I am a member of the Chicago Board of Trade. I'm from Thermal Springs—been taking the treatment; seems to be doing me no good. Can't sleep nights and my digestion is on a strike. When I can't sleep I walk. Been walking all night and, for the first time in a month, I'm hungry."

The forbidding giant lowered the pistol-like finger. "You hev been out all night, an' y'r hongry? Well, you walk right square up onto this here porch an' shake hands with me! I'm purty tol'able brash sometimes, but the hongry air always welcome." His voice was a sort of mellow thunder; his big face was suddenly aglow with good will. He thrust a great warm hand down to Marsh, but when the younger man had taken it the giant held him back a few moments, scrutinizing his face. As Marsh smilingly returned the look he saw that his host's cheeks were red as apples, and that he had but one eye, a luminous green orb. "I want to ask one furder question afore you come in, suh," said the hill-man. "I want to make sure y'r not a-foolin' me. You don't happen to be a preacher, now?"

"No, oh, no indeed!" laughed Marsh. "I haven't that distinction! I'm just a common sinner."

The big man sighed with relief and began shaking Marsh's hand vigorously. "Well, I like a p'int-blank confession like that. I'm fairly religious myself, but not in paramount good standin' on account of my heterojenus beliefs. Onct in a while a preacher gits in here an' pesters me with argymints an' gits me all het up. I throwed one of em out a while back an' that hurt Mary's feelin's. Come right up on the porch, suh, an' set. Hev this cheer." His great voice rolled out pantingly as he drew Marsh up the steps and placed a chair for him. "Don't mind if I talk purty loud," he went on. "Mary's a leetle deef an' I git used to bellerin' at folks. A feller told me onct to practice whisperin' when I wasn't talkin' and it would likely tone my voice down. I tried it, but it got round among the Hills that I was under conviction an' prayin' silent all the time, so I stopped it. Now, what might the name be?"

"John Marsh," was the reply. "I presume you are Colonel Buckthorn?"

The big man fixed him with his clear eye for a moment. "The Buckthorn air proper an' straight, suh, but not the Colonel. Excuse me, suh, while I call Mary. She's the real boss of the place, o' course."

He turned and entered the door, filling it almost entirely as he passed thru. Marsh sat rocking and smiling. He heard the giant's mellow thunder back in the direction of, he fancied, the kitchen. "Mary! Mary! You, Judith! Say, we've got a hongry man out here! Put on a extra plate!"

Marsh looked about him. The walls of the house were of squared cedar logs; the porch and all other parts of it also seemed made of cedar. "This place would bring a fortune at a lead-pencil factory," he laughed. "It does smell nice." An old yellow dog came haltingly up the steps, sniffed at his knees, and, apparently finding him acceptable, lay down at his feet.

The giant came out the door. His feet were now incased in high-topped boots. "Hate to wear 'em," he said, glancing down. "—make me feel smothered, but it's Mary's orders when we hev company. She'll be ready in a minnet; her an' Judith's fixin' up a bit—leetle early for visitors, I reckon. Yes, suh, you oughter go barefooted; gives a man a fundimentolous feelin' of liberty. Nothin' ever tastes better than the feelin' of new plowed ground to the bare bottoms of y'r feet when the soil is warm an' mealy in the spring. There's Mary comin'. Here, leetle gal!"

Marsh arose, hat in hand, as Mrs. Buckthorn came to the door. The "leetle gal" was almost as large as Buckthorn himself. She had her work-stained hands rolled up in her apron, but her face was as trusting and motherly as love itself. She looked at Marsh a moment over her glasses and smiled. "Why, come right in, suh, come right in an' be at home," she said. "Adam says y'r not overly well, an' I'm shore y'r welcome. Breakfus' will be ready in a minnet."

Marsh thanked her sincerely, with a sudden agreeable feeling of warmth. He followed herein, Buckthorn going off to the stables. Marsh entered a large room which contained a fireplace at one side, now filled with plum-blossom sprays, a round rag-carpet rug in the center of the floor, chairs and a huge cedar chest against one of the walls. He found later that there were a dining-room, two bedrooms and a kitchen in the rear. The whole house was ceiled with cedar, and much of the furniture looked to have been made by some carpenter of the region after Buckthorn's designs. Everything was big and natural and rough, but the place was so clean and smelled so finely that its charm began to steal upon Marsh agreeably. A grateful odor, too, of frying bacon and boiling coffee touched his nostrils.

Presently Buckthorn came tramping in, his great voice a trumpet of good cheer. They went into the dining-room, and as they were about to sit at table, Buckthorn turned and rummaged an instant in a tall, plain cupboard and brought forth a brown bottle.

"I don't know if you air in the notion of drinkin', Mr. Marsh, but in these spring months I frequent take a mouthful of whisky in the mornin' afore I eat, always with a leetle tanzy or wild churry bark in the licker, but ain't done so yit this spring. Shall I pour you a sup into a cup?"

"No, I thank you very much, but whisky doesn't agree with me," said Marsh.

"I approve y'r decision," returned the big man, placing the bottle in the cupboard. "I used to guzzle a right smart of it in the rantankerous days when I lost my off-side eye a-fightin', but I quit. It on'y serves to work a man furder into hell."

Marsh expressed agreement with his views and they fell to eating. Mrs. Buckthorn did not sit with them, but waited upon them with motherly solicitude. Marsh found there was delicious fried chicken with the bacon, and eggs and hot corn-pone and coffee that was really coffee. He could not remember when he had enjoyed food so much. He glanced around at the room; everything was honestly, openly crude, yet clean as rock-candy. He felt steal over him a curiously sweet consciousness of ease, of welcome and contentment. All the time down at the bottom of his mind there was curiosity and wonder about the daughter of the house. It seemed odd that she did not appear.

"What might y'r age be, Mr. Marsh?" asked Buckthorn, looking up suddenly.

"Thirty-two," Marsh replied.

"Married?"

Marsh smilingly shook his head.

"Any children?"

Marsh laughed outright, and Mrs. Buckthorn with a gasp exclaimed, "Why, Enoch Buckthorn!"

The big man, perceiving the mistake, flushed scarlet. "Excuse me, suh, excuse me!" he stammered. "Excuse the blunder; I make a heap of 'em. My women folks hev to watch me all the time." He turned to Mrs. Buckthorn. "Where's Judith? Ain't she comin' to breakfus'?" he asked.

"She got breakfus' over to Peevey's afore she come home. Janey made her," was Mrs. Buckthorn's reply.

"Oh," assented the husband, but when his wife had gone to the kitchen he turned his keen eye to Marsh. "That daughter of ourn aint afeered of wil'cats or the devil," he confided, "but it bothers her to meet strangers, special a—a city man. I bet she's gone off somewheres by herse'f." He chuckled.

"I saw her on the road," said Marsh soberly. "She is a fine looking young woman."

"None likelier nowhar'," declared the father with fond enthusiasm.

Concluding the meal, they went out and sat under the maples in the yard. Marsh found the big hill-man a diverting paradox, naive and innocent as a child in some directions and oddly keen and knowing in others. He propounded his homely philosophy of life with a rambling flourish of phrases, but asked personal questions with the appalling directness of a small boy.

"Air you a rich man, Mr. Marsh?" he asked.

"No, not as the term 'rich man' is understood in this country," Marsh replied. "One must possess some millions in order to be termed rich in the United States, you know. I am worth possibly a hundred thousand, not more. I'm one of the extremely little fellows. I'm really poor."

Buckthorn held up his hands and blew a great breath, shaking his head in wonder and despair. "What er state of mind! What er condition of things!"

"Yes," assented Marsh, "It's a disease. I've been worth half a million twice, and several times I've stood to win millions, but the other fellows got me."

"An' you was tryin' to get them?"

"Surely."

"An' you got them blue rings 'round y'r eyes, an' y'r holler cheeks an' trimbly fingers, a-tryin' to git more'n a hundred thousand?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I vum!" the big man gasped. "Mr. Marsh, excuse me, suh, but to look square at you one wouldn't know you was a fool."

"But I am," laughed Marsh.

"Certainly you air," agreed his host solemnly.

"Yes, I was a fool in losing my health," went on Marsh agreeably, "and I'm a fool about getting it back. For instance, listen to this." And, whimsically, he found a kind of delight in telling the astonished hill-man all about the virtues of the wild wine-waters of which he was in search.

"Bog waters? Water that runs out thru rotten roots an' dead leaves?" exclaimed Buckthorn. "Did the feller who writ the piece actually say that kind of water was good to drink?"

"Well, not bog water, or stagnant water, of course, but running water, yellow with the gathered juices of decaying plant life. That is about what he said."

To Buckthorn the conception seemed beyond the pale of expressible derision. He was silent a little, his one green eye dwelling on Marsh pityingly. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't doubt none but you could find er branch of this yaller water in these parts, for I've seen 'em that looked about like maple sirup, an' undoubtedly they'd either kill or cure you, pervidin' you wanted to tempt God by drinkin' that kind of pizen. But I've got er spring down in the orchard, there across the road. You better stay 'round here er while an' drink of that, if y'r keerin' for real water. I've been drinkin' it for thirty year, and as er biverage it don't seem to be onhealthy, considerin' me as er specermin." He beamed on Marsh convincingly.

Marsh looked at him wistfully, half laughingly. "I believe, Mr. Buckthorn, that I really would like to stay here awhile and drink the water of your spring. I believe I might learn again how to sleep, here among these quiet hills. I am a very weary man, weary of the world, out yonder. I am tired of selfishness and insincerity. You and your wife rest me; I can't tell why, but you rest me."

Buckthorn's eye softened. "Y'r welcome, Mr. Marsh, to stay jus' as long as it pleases yeh. Mary will make yeh comfor'ble. What y've been a-needin', to my mind, is er wife an' er mother, especial er mother. I sort o' reckon yourn is dead or you wouldn't be here an' in the fix y'r in."

Marsh nodded, his own eyes growing dim. "Of course, I'll pay you well, Mr. Buckthorn," he said after a moment.

"No, suh, if you was bound to pay us we wouldn't keep you. We don't hev folks 'round us that way," said the big man almost severely. "You can hev any hoss we got an' ride or walk, an' hunt yaller water to suit yourse'f, but don't drink it. Mary likes to 'tend funerals, but I don't." He shook with laughter.

"I'll make return in some way," said Marsh. "I'm a stranger to you; I couldn't sponge in that way."

"Aw, now, y'r a sick man, ain't yeh? Don't be er fool, suh!" protested Buckthorn. "Say," he went on more softly, "yeh might be a sort of teacher to my leetle gal Judith, now! She's er wild sort of creeter, never had much schoolin', an' you could help her mind a heap by jus' readin' to her an' tellin' her ever'thing 'bout the world out yonder. What do you say, now?"

Marsh laughed, then grew sober. "I would be glad to do that, if you liked to have me. Perhaps it would entertain her, perhaps be beneficial—I don't know. I'll send down to Thermal and get some of my things and some books."

"Good!" said Buckthorn explosively. "It's er bargain. Jus' make y'rse'f at home—but don't drink bog water, now!"

"Oh, that's humbug, I suppose, but I am going to hunt for the sort of water the fellow wrote about. The hunting will do me good, at least," said Marsh.

"Suttenly; that's right; huntin' for er thing is mostly worth more than the thing itse'f," laughed the hill-man.

"Now, I'll tell yeh how to get er nap. Go down in the orchard an' lay down under a apple tree, an' look up at the bees ermongst the blossoms; jus' keep lookin' up at the bees an' listenin' to their dronin', an' the fust thing yeh know y'll drop ersleep. Try it."

Marsh did, and in his exhaustion slept for hours. When he awoke he could not realize for a little space to what region he had drifted. He looked about and saw the Big Hills, wide-based and wallowing in forests, and below him the valley with its woods and wild meadows, and the distant waters of the lake curling in the sun like silver shavings. He got up, stretched himself luxuriously and went down thru the great orchard. Beyond it, he found a path that led toward the lake. Soothed and rested, he followed the path.

As he proceeded he heard a human voice singing. He stood still and listened. It seemed to him he had never laid his ear against notes more soft and liquid. The song was a common, worn-out air, one that had been sung and whistled when he was a lad until the public had adjudged it a pestilential thing. Now, weaving itself with the hum of insects and the calling and caroling of birds, to Marsh it sounded oddly sweet. He closed his eyes, and, standing there in the odorous reek of the watery lowlands, listened like one slipping into a dream. It was a region of wild, shy, hiding things, but the musical cry of passion and mating was everywhere. With all the rest, was this human song a mating call? He went toward it listening, and came to the lake's marge eagerly.

In the midst of a swaying fleet of pond lilies he saw the singer, Judith Buckthorn. She was upon her knees in an old rowboat, and with her sleeves rolled to her armpits, was pulling up snaky lily stalks from the ooze of the lake's bed. With a glance he saw how large and white and beautifully fashioned were her arms as she thrust them into the water. Piles of the lilies and other swamp flowers were in the boat, but still she went on gathering the big golden-hearted cups, singing as she worked. Marsh tiptoed away, but came back with burning eyes and watched. Finally she sank back almost flat among the flowers and closed her eyes and was still.

The man stood in silence, except that his heart shook him as it beat. There was a slow breeze from the south, which, with the sun's help, stirred those silver shavings out in the lake. By slow degrees it brought the boat almost to his feet. The girl's eyes were still closed, her face rapt. "She is trying some sort of love spell," he thought. At that, her eyes opened wide and looked up to his. With a cry she leaped up, all but overturning the boat. Marsh snatched off his cap and bowed low, himself frightened and tumbling out quick, jumbled phrases of apology.

"I'm Mr. Marsh, Mr. John Marsh, your father's boarder! I'm to be your teacher! I—I am looking for some golden winewater, and I didn't expect to find you this way and frighten you! I—I—I—" He stood bowing and at a dead loss what further to say.

Thru a few breaths the girl stood panting and staring at him; then her face and neck crimsoned and she seized the oars as if to drive the boat away.

"Don't do that!" he cried, "I'll go! No, I won't; I'll wade out and capture you!" He began to laugh.

The girl paused and with half-hung head laughed in return. She pushed her heavy brown hair back from her face with her moist hands, and blushingly drew down the sleeves over her arms.

"I reckon I oughtn't been frightened, but I wasn't 'spectin' to see no strangers, an' I was jus' rummagin' 'round," she began.

Her speech, tho hurried, had a drawling, musical cadence. As she spoke, she swept her eyes over him swiftly, timidly. She saw that he was above the medium in height, of good frame, but thin, his features regular, his hair brown and parted near the middle and his purple-ringed eyes dazzling. She sank down on the boat's seat and again her eyelids fluttered up.

"I heard you singing," he said. "It was superb. It's a new world to me down here; I don't blame you for 'rummaging 'round.'" There were some splendid flowering stocks near the water's edge. He took out his knife and cut some of them. "I'd like to give these to you—just add a blossom or two to your flowery nest," he said, laughing again. She hesitated, then pushed the boat nearer to him, and he sat on the prow and extended the flowers toward her. "I don't know what they are called, but they have a fine perfume," he added.

"Folks call 'em white-flag 'round here. I'm—I'm obliged." Her breath caught and her mouth twisted excitedly. "I don't know much about bein' perlite. Had I ought to shake hands with you if we air goin' to be acquainted?" Her eyelids fluttered and the color in her rose-stained cheeks deepened.

"Certainly," smiled Marsh, reaching his hand to her. "You honor me, indeed."

He felt an influence sweep thru him from her strong hand as he clasped it, a warming, pleasurable wave of something dynamic and vital. As for the girl, when her hand dropped away from his she confusedly pushed back the hair from her low forehead, and her fingers crackled as they crossed her hair. A faint flush came into Marsh's thin cheeks and the eager light of his eyes flowed over her admiringly.

He saw that her eyes were round and wide apart and in color a kind of golden gray, the thin striations of amber penetrating the pupils being heavier in one eye than the other, producing a vaguely quizzical expression; that her neck was strong and round and milk-white, her nose short and straight, her lips moist and red, her chin square and slightly cleft. But that which swept most strongly upon him was something felt rather than seen, the vivid glow of her bodily health, the undefinable charm of a perfect organic chemistry. For a little he was at a loss for words; then he thought of the yellow brooks.

"I expect you wonder what I am doing in these parts," he began. "Well, it's nothing less foolish than looking for streams of brown-colored water. I read that such water is good for one's health. I doubt it, but I wanted to get away from the Thermal Hotel; I wanted to get into the woods; I'm worn out with city life, you see. In 'rummaging 'round,' did you ever happen to notice any little streams that looked—oh, sort of stained honey color by the dead leaves and the moss?" he ended laughingly.

The girl pushed one of the oars back and forth thru the water, watching the bubbles it made and puckering her brows above her short nose. She began to smile. "It's a funny kind of notion," she ventured. "I never heard of such a idee, but I reckon I know most every crick an' branch 'mong the hills here. They's a little branch 'cross the lake, over yonder, that is kind of brown and brassy colored. It comes from a spring back in a holler a mile or so. It's clear at the spring, but where it runs into the lake it's 'bout the color of lye out of a ash-hopper. Looks like it would kill anybody t' drink it." They laughed together, looking at each other more openly.

"Oh, I don't know; I don't think I'd be afraid," he said. "Anyway, I'd like to see it. Now, if you'd lend me the boat——"

"No, I'll take you to it, if you'd like to hev me. It's jus' fun for me to row." She paused. "Would it be right—you bein' a stranger? Would city girls do things like that?"

"If they did nothing worse! I guess you never saw the tango or——" He broke off sharply. "I make it a rule never to talk about women; most of them are nice and good." He climbed into the boat. "Let me have the oars, won't you? I used to do a bit of rowing in my college days." He flung his cap into the bottom of the boat and rolled up his sleeves. Somewhat abashed by his commanding air, she sat down in the stern among the flowers.

"But you don't know the direction or nothin'," she began.

"Well, you are the captain of the expedition; just sing out larboard or starboard, to right or left, and I'll obey. I'm the crew, you know." He drove the boat outward. "Seems good to get oars in my hands again," he chuckled.

"To'ards y'r right," came her mellow drawl; and a little later; "To'ards y'r left." He bowed and obeyed, his eyes shining.

"I wish you'd sing; people on the water always ought to sing," he said.

She shook her head, blushing and twisting her mouth. "I couldn't," she stammered.

"If you were trained, you would be a great singer," he asserted.

Again she shook her head, but the gold of her eyes seemed to burn.

His stroke slackened; he was panting and felt suddenly weak. The water glittered and the sun shone hot on his bare head. He was all unused to heat and labor. She glanced at his thin arms and corded neck.

"You ain't overly big and you look awful peaked. You better let me do that," she said. "Most ever'body 'round here is big. They are Tennessee folks, Pap says, an' 'most always tall." Suddenly conscious that her words might seem offensive, she added naively, "But I bet you could throw 'most any of 'em, if you was only real well."

Marsh laughed aloud. "I hope I won't have to try," he commented, brushing the moisture from his brow.

"Oh, of course, you could never throw Gideon; he's 'most strong enough to pull up a tree," she said, half musingly.

He let the boat drift and looked at her directly. "Who is Gideon?" he demanded.

"Why, Gideon Peevey. He's Janey's brother. I was over there last night. They live 'bout a half mile this side Hosea meetin' house. Gideon has a blacksmith shop. Sometimes when he shoes hosses, an' they act up bad, he throws 'em an' nails the shoes on when they're down."

"That must have been the shop I passed at dawn," Marsh commented dryly. He pulled onward slowly, waveringly. In his weakness and in the presence of this superb creature, the thought of any one being strong enough to "'bout pull up a tree" seemed a thing desirable beyond limitless quantities of gold. Besides, somehow, the statement, coming from her, nettled him. He stopped rowing again. "This Gideon, who is so strong, he is your—well, your very special friend?"

She had pinned the big blossoms that he had given her across her breast, and now she pushed them up about her chin, blushing red. "Him an' me hev knowed

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(Continued on Page 19.)

# THE "NEAREST FRIEND"

## By Irving Estes

He was lonely, this soldier, and arrival of the mail meant nothing to him until the day when the nearest friend stepped in and changed the situation.

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PRIVATE JIMMIE COLE of the Eighteenth Engineers went into the Hazelwood Cafe ostensibly to purchase and consume a chocolate sundae, but down in his own heart he knew that there was a magnet of far more irresistible force which drew him to the Hazelwood—the dainty, golden-haired, blue-eyed young Venus who reigned like a queen upon a throne at the cashier's desk.

Jimmie Cole had known the pretty, doll-like cashier lady for some time. He had spent much of his meager salary in taking her to the best shows, to the ball games, canoeing upon the Willamette, and in a general and persistent attempt to show her a good time. Even so, he was forced to admit he never seemed to get very far in gaining her affections; not nearly so far as he should have liked. But Maisie had many friends, many ardent admirers; she kept them all guessing.

One day, however, when he suddenly confronted her in his new uniform, he felt that things had suddenly taken a turn for the better. Her greeting was so effusive, and she treated him so altogether lovely that he was immediately transported to a new and wonderful realm of delight. Aside from the pride he took in being able to go and fight for his country, he felt there was something else as well, which made it mighty fine to be a soldier.

But there was other military persons who, from time to time, dropped into tne Hazelwood. There was a certain trim, slim young officer from his own Company F—Pearson by name—who seemed to have an almost insatiable appetite for Hazelwood ice cream and he always lingered, it seemed to Jimmie Cole, far longer over the payment of his check than there was need to do. He even dated Maisie up a number of times, for a little spin out along the Columbia River Highway in his speedy little gray bug, which bug was assuredly a fly in the ointment of Jimmie's short-lived feeling of undivided ownership. He worried over the matter considerably. As regards the young officer, Pearson, he knew all about the private's interest in Maisie. But he didn't worry.

Having consumed the chocolate sundae, meanwhile thinking entirely of something else, Private Jimmie picked up his slip-check and sauntered over toward the throne of the fluffy-haired queen.

"Hello, Maisie," he said, attempting to appear at ease.

"Why, hello Jimmie; how are you?"

"Oh, all right, I s'pose. How's yourself?"

"Fine and dandy."

"You look it, Maisie."

She smiled sweetly at him for this, and began arranging one of the tantalizing golden curls with her long, slender white fingers.

"There you go, Jimmie," she purred prettily, "kidding me again."

"I'm not kidding, Maizie," he broke in suddenly. "You know I'm not; you always look 'fine and dandy' to me."

"Do I, Jimmie?"

"You bet you do Maisie; and— and——"

"Say it, boy."

"Well, I was just thinking I wouldn't be seeing you again for some time, Maisie."

"No? Why not?"

"We're going to leave to-morrow."

"Leave tomorrow?"

"Yes; going somewhere South."

"Oh, how fine!" Then, seeing the glumness in his face, she added quickly: "I mean, of course, Jimmie, fine for you. You know—well, I'm going to miss you something awful."

His eyes brightened. "Will you, Maisie?"

"Sure, I will." She tried to look demure, even a bit downcast; she succeeded sufficiently in deceiving the young private. He bent over closer to her. "Maisie," he began, fervently, "I—I want you to do me a favor. Will you, girlie?"

She was a trifle dismayed at his ardency, but she kept her poise and answered easily. "You know me, Jimmie. I'm always willing to do a favor for a friend. What's on your mind?"

"You are, mostly, Maisie!"

She laughed at him, even tho she felt that the situation, all things considered, was becoming a trifle tense and annoyingly conspicuous. "There you go again. Always kidding me. Why can't you be serious?"

"I am serious. Now listen, here's my favor I'm asking of you——"

"Well, let's hear it."

"You know, Maisie," he went on hurriedly, "when a recruit is taken he has to give the name of some relative."

"I know; some one to be notified in case—well, in case it's necessary."

"You're right; but I didn't have any living relative."

"No relatives at all?"

"Not a soul—not that I know of, Maisie."

"Well?"

"They told me to put down the name of 'nearest friend,' and—and I put down——"

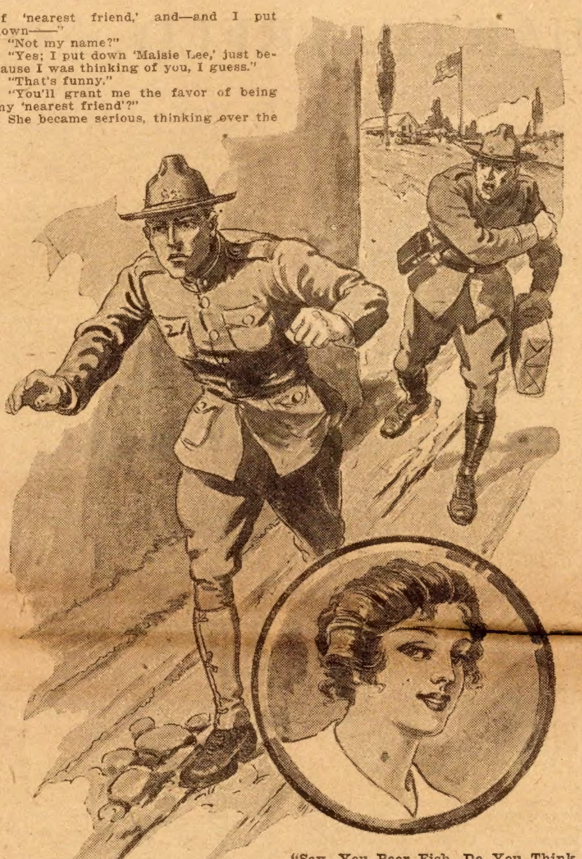
"Not my name?"

"Yes; I put down 'Maisie Lee,' just because I was thinking of you, I guess."

"That's funny."

"You'll grant me the favor of being my 'nearest friend'?"

She became serious, thinking over the matter. Then she said, readily enough: "Sure, Jimmie; that's all right."



"Say, You Poor Fish, Do You Think I'm Going to Follow You All Over the Country?"

"If I get mine—get kicked off, you know——"

"Well, don't you go sending me any bad news like that."

"I won't; some one else might; but that ain't likely. You just serve as my 'nearest friend,' girlie, and I'll feel a lot better knowing that you are."

She gave him a look which might have meant volumes—or nothing—just as he might choose to interpret. Then, others approaching the desk, he held her hand for a few fervid seconds, said good-by and hurried out on Broadway.

Ten minutes later another member of the Eighteenth Engineers stood before the throne of Maisie Lee; a trim, slim young officer named Pearson. This time there was no mistaking the downcast droop in the little cashier's eyes. She seemed sad, very sad.

"I've just heard some bad news," she said, raising her eyes to those of the young officer.

"So? What's the bad news, Maisie?" he answered lightly.

"I've just heard that tomorrow you are going—I mean, the Eighteenth is going away."

"You got it straight, Maisie; we leave tomorrow."

"When—when will I see you to say good-by?"

"Right now; that's the only time there'll be, I'm afraid. Awful busy tonight. I'll drop you a line from the train."

"You do that for me," she said, brightening. "You send me something from France——"

"Sure; I'll try and remember to do that."

"This'll make you remember——" She took out a gummed label marked Hazelwood, with blank spaces for an address. "You just stick that on a helmet or something and send it back to me. Will you do that?"

"You bet I will!" He took her hand and pressed it for a second. "Good-by, Maisie," he said, turning to leave. "I'll drop you a little note on the way."

He tucked the gummed label away in the inner pocket of his coat then straightway forgot both about it and the one who had given it to him. But late that night a pretty, golden-haired coquette, who by day reigned supreme at the Hazelwood, was thinking of him; and a lonely boy, with no relatives, but just a "nearest friend," was thinking of her.

For that is the way this young gent named Dan Cupid chooses to "gum things up" whenever he takes a notion.

"Somewhere in France" the Eighteenth Engineers started to work with a vim and energy and spirit such as good red blooded young Americans who have answered the call to the colors have ever shown in every branch of the service. They drilled, they worked, they learned; from early morning until late at night they were hard at it. They made play of drudgery, and under the grilling grind they actually took on weight, became tanned and hardened, keen-eyed, eager, hopeful fighting demons—soldiers every inch of them.

The weeks went by and there came a night when, as they lay before a cheery fire, a brawny young giant remarked to his chum, Jimmie Cole: "Hey, kid, know what's coming tomorrow?"

"What d'yuh mean?" came the drowsy response.

"The mail comes tomorrow."

"What mail?"

"From the U. S. A.—from home."

The speaker's tone was vibrant with an expectancy which his announcement failed utterly to arouse in the other.

"Mail from over the pond, hey?" he observed casually. "Well, Dave, ol' scout, here's hoping you draw something."

"Me draw? Well, you watch me, Jimmie. There'll be a letter from the little mother. Half a dozen likely; and sis'll write, an' the ol' man; and, of course, the girl——"

"Lucky devil!"

"I can't hardly wait, Jimmie; I want so much to hear——" Dave stopped short, sat up on his elbow and looked over at the other.

"What'll you be getting, Jimmie? You'll hear from your folks——"

"Oh, h—l, yes!"

"And from your girl——"

"Surest thing you know, Dave!"

"Good!"

"Yes, they'll get hump-backed carryin' the mail coming for me!"

Not catching the irony, the hopelessness in the other's tone, Dave went on. "If the folks back there only knew what it means to us to get letters—to know we're thought of, remembered—well, they'd write oftener, believe me, kid. Now, Jim, take your own folks."

"I have none."

"What?"

"There ain't no such."

"But your parents——"

"Dead Dave; died almost before I could remember."

"You must have some relatives somewhere."

"Somewhere is right, if I have any; but they quit worrying over me years ago. No, Dave, boy, all the mail I'll get you can shove in your eye. I won't get a line—not a post-card—not even a little skinny sack of the makin's."

"You've got that wrong, all wrong," Dave broke in. "Some girl'll be sending you something; don't start pullin' that weep stuff till you know what you're talking about; get me? You've got some little Jane back there in Portland——"

"Dave," Jimmie Cole broke in, "just between us, I thought I had a girl back there who cared, some; I fell for her strong; and I believed her when she seemed like she was sorry to see me go."

"Sure, she was sorry."

"Well, then she's got paralysis of the arm since I left. She never wrote while we were in Charlotte; nor when we were in New Jersey——"

"What'd yuh know about that!"

"I know this about it; she's stuck on a skinny slob in this company; he's an officer, and he put up such a flash in front of this female party I'm telling you about—well, I guess he dazzled her into forgetting me——"

"Can that stuff—until tomorrow!" cut in Dave, then he turned over and went to sleep. But across the fire from him Jimmie Cole did not close his eyes in slumber for many hours to come. He was thinking of the happiness of the other boys on the morrow; he was wondering just what it would be like to have folks to write to him—to send him things. And, most of all, he was reflecting over and over in his mind whether it would be possible for a 'nearest friend' to even so much as . . .

He was awakened by the clear call of the bugle. He sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Get up, you poor bat-eyed fish!" Dave called over to him cheerily, "'for I'm to be Queen of the May'!"

"You're what?" questioned Jimmie, sleepily.

"Well, anyhow, it's big doings for the Eighteenth this day. The mail'll be in at nine o'clock."

Three hours later the bugle rang out; mail was to be distributed.

Sack after sack of parcels had arrived, and pouches packed full with letters from loved ones across the sea. The men assigned to the distribution began handing out the missives into eager hands. Some, opening their letters, burst out in shouts of happy laughter; others read in silence, eagerly, but with faces set and stern.

A little to one side stood a trim young officer—Pearson. He had received a number of letters and four or five packages. These he had not opened; instead, he stood watching the scene before him; watching the eager happiness of those who were lucky, the gradually increasing gloom and silent sorrow of those whom no one had remembered.

Yes, there amid the joyous, happy throng—there they were, lonely and sad-eyed men. Pearson turned aside, a strange ache in his heart at the sight of those silent ones who still waited, hoping against hope, tho but little more mail remained to be distributed. Only one of them turned away. Next instant he saw that Jimmie Cole was missing in the mute circle of those still hoping, as yet unable to make themselves believe that nothing had come for them.

"That's the poor boob I used to see in the Hazelwood," Pearson reflected to himself, "and he sure was daffy over that little blond-headed wren——"

He stopped short in his reflections to inspect one of the packages which had arrived for him. It was post-marked Portland. Up in one corner were the words— Maisie Lee. The package contained at least a couple of dozen sacks of smoking tobacco. A sudden inspiration came to him. He felt in the inner pocket of his coat; the gummed label from the Hazelwood was still there. He moistened it and stuck it on the package over his own name; then, taking out his fountain pen, he wrote in the blank spaces: "Private Jimmie Cole, Co. F., 18th Engineers."

When he looked up again he saw that the lad was walking off from the camp toward the hills. Pearson fought his dignity temporarily.

"Hey, you," he shouted after the retreating figure, "come here and get your mail."

Jimmie Cole half turned, then continued on his way. Lieut. Pearson immediately set out after him, calling as he went. At last when he was within 50 feet of Jimmie he cut loose with:

"Say, you poor fish, do you think I'm goin' to follow you all over the country? Here's a package of smokes from the little lady at the Hazelwood. I'd like to get in on one of them."

The boy paused. For the first time he forgot to salute and Lieut. Pearson ignored the lapse. Jimmie took the package, incredulously read the return address in the corner, then broke into smiles which turned into grins.

He didn't say anything; the lump in his throat was too big, and the traces of tears in his eyes came perilously near developing into a flood. He tore open the package and pressed some of the cigarettes upon the officer. Then, without voicing his thanks, he turned slowly away.

"Dammit," said Lieut. Pearson, as he stood watching the other as he continued to gaze rapturously at the return address. "Now I've got my foot in it. I've got to write that girl right now and tell her what happened. But that's all right. She's a good scout and she'll understand. And," he paused, "perhaps I can make her see how much this meant to Jimmie Cole."

*Further Complications Ensue in This Installment of*

# THE QUARTERBREED

By Robert Ames Bennet

## Review of the Story

CAPTAIN HARDY, U. S. A., newly appointed agent of an Indian reservation in the Northwest, comes on the scene just as Dupont, a trader, his daughter Marie and Vandervyn, assistant agent, are having a fracas with the Indians. After the Indians have been dispersed thru quick thinking on his part, Hardy proceeds to the Agency and takes up his duties. There he discovers that things are not as they should be. He catches Dupont's punchers and Redbear, a half-breed interpreter, in the act of defrauding the Government on cattle, and, to the surprise and chagrin of Vandervyn, manages to disarm the three rowdy punchers and send them about their own business, after righting the matter. After giving Redbear another chance to redeem himself because of his sister who is dependent on him, Hardy goes to dinner at Dupont's on Marie's invitation. There, he learns thru his drunken host, who oversteps himself, how the whites are despoiling the Indians. On the next morning when the chiefs and headsmen of the tribe, whom Hardy has summoned, gather at the Agency, Vandervyn tells Redbear to misinterpret Hardy's remarks. This he does with the result that bad blood is stirred up. After inducing Redbear to consent to keeping his common law marriage with Oinna a secret, Vandervyn starts to the mountains for further interviews with the Indians. In [illegible] Dupont urges his daughter to be kind to Hardy, and she goes riding with him on several occasions. On one of their trips Hardy is shot, and when he wakes up he finds Marie bending over him. He then tells her that he loves her and wishes to marry her. She takes him into her own home and cares for him, and in the meantime informs Vandervyn of what has happened. He urges his love on her, but says nothing of marriage, and the girl puts him off. Hardy recovers from his wound, but it is impossible to find the would-be assassin. Hardy determines to go to the mountains himself to see what he can do with the tribes. Dupont, Redbear, Vandervyn and Marie, together with a squad of police, set out. There is another attempt on Hardy's life, but he escapes, and wounds his assailant. After looking around to find who it was, he loses his way and wanders into the Indians' camp, where, thru the aid of Oinna, he makes friends with the Indians. When he rides back to his own camp, he finds that Charlie Redbear has been assailed by the same Indian who shot at him, but that he is not seriously wounded. Dupont tries to drive a bargain with him, shows him thru the mine, and both barely miss losing their lives there.

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### CHAPTER XVII.

### WORD OF HONOR.

THE writer soon became so intent that he did not notice the half-dozen figures in dark blue uniform that came swinging down the precipitous mountainside above the terrace. When at last he finished the letter and looked up, he saw all the members of the police escort drawn up in line before him, their swarthy faces alight with respectful friendliness. Their sergeant uttered a guttural word of salutation, and began making signs.

Hardy smiled, shook his head, and looked around for an interpreter. Dupont still sat sulking on the mine-dump. But Marie and Vandervyn were coming back up the mountainside. They appeared only a few yards away, as Hardy glanced about. His lips drew tense when he perceived the girl's happy blushes and the look with which Vandervyn was regarding her half-averted face.

At sight of Hardy she straightened with proud disdain, and would have immediately gone around into the cabin had he not spoken.

"Pardon me, Miss Dupont. These men wish to report to me. May I ask you to interpret for them?"

The girl turned coldly to the sergeant, who at once poured out an impassioned declamation, emphasized with swift-formed signs. He was still talking, when Dupont sullenly shambled over from the mine-dump. His discontented face darkened still more when he came within hearing of the speakers.

At last the sergeant finished his impromptu oration. Without looking at Hardy, Marie gave the substance of [illegible] contemptuous curtness:

"He says they think you were very brave to follow the shooter into the broken mountain. They are very sorry that they could not again find the trail of the bad Indian after losing it on the bare rocks from which he must have shot Charlie. They found Charlie's trail coming to and going from the rocks, but nothing of the other's trail. He must have doubled back and escaped along the miles of stony ridges that stretch off in the opposite direction. The best trailers in the tribe could not track him there."

"Tell them that is all right. The fellow thought I was the enemy of the tribe. He will soon learn better. Neither he nor any other will again attack me."

"Yes, you have talked Thunderbolt into believing you the tribe's dearest friend," ironically replied Marie. "These silly fellows trailed you to the chief's camp, and have swallowed whole the account of the wonderful good things you are going to do for the tribe. All this gush and fuss was over that and your big heart."

Regardless of the mockery in the girl's eyes, Hardy turned to smile and nod at the policemen in acknowledgment of their kindly feeling.

Dupont muttered a curse, and ventured an ill-humored remark loud enough to reach Hardy's ears: "The whole bunch'd sing a diff'rent tune if I told 'em how he turned down the chance to give the tribe half what's in our mine."

"Chuck it, Jake!" interposed Vandervyn, with a good-humored smile that surprised Hardy no less than the trader. "It's up to us to take our medicine. Marie and I have talked over the situation. The Captain had no call to give us the gaff the way he did. But I take it he meant well. No doubt he means well about this new treaty. We know it will not be to the best interests of the tribe. The responsibility, however, is his."

"You ain't going to throw down, are you?" exclaimed Dupont.

"What else can we do?" mildly asked Vandervyn. "The game is up. All I can see to it is that the Captain may do the honorable thing by us and suppress any detailed report of the mine. We then might be able to get here first and locate the property that we discovered and developed."

"What if the Government don't make it no rush, but has the entrymen draw lots?" objected Dupont. "I been fool enough to show Cap thru the diggings and tell him what we got blocked out. If he ain't square enough to keep his head shut, we won't stand no chance at all of buying out the entryman what draws first choice in the lottery."

"You see, Captain," said Vandervyn. "As we discovered and developed the lode, do you not think the honorable thing would be to make no mention of the mine in your report?"

"The tribe should receive a large payment for their mineral lands," said Hardy.

"Quite true," agreed Vandervyn, his voice ringing strong and clear with sincerity. "There was talk of paying them five millions. I think it should be fifteen or twenty. We have found indications of other lodes. I am sure you will see that it would be perfectly honorable to report that fact, but leave out mention of our mine. That would protect us, and do no harm to the tribe. If you see it that way, I will pull all the wires I can to convince the Government that this part of the Reservation is rich in minerals. My uncle is chairman of the treaty commission. If his report favors a payment of fifteen or twenty millions to the tribe, Congress will appropriate that amount."

"If there are indications of other lodes as rich as this one, fifteen millions is none too large a price," said Hardy. "You agree to help obtain fair compensation to the tribe?"

"Provided you do the fair and honorable thing by us," replied Vandervyn.

Hardy considered, and nodded. "Very well. As between you and the other entrymen, it seems to me right to withhold your secret. You found and developed this mine, and it is not the fault of yourself and Dupont that Nogen had the work done at the expense of the tribe."

"Pere and Mr. Van will pay them for all the work," proudly stated Marie.

Dupont gaped in blank amazement at this unwelcome prediction. Not so Vandervyn.

"Of course we shall pay them, Captain," he confirmed. "I intend to list the claimants and the amount due them at the council tomorrow. Neither Jake nor I can afford to settle with them out of hand. But Jake will allow them part payment in trade goods, and we shall make other payments as fast as we get returns from our next ore shipments."

"Very good," agreed Hardy. "You are to understand, however, that the tribe must voluntarily bring the ore to the Reservation boundary and there sell it to you. Have you considered the risk of the public surmising the existence of the mine from the ore shipments?"

"No chance of that," explained Dupont. "Nogen let it out that he got the ore from a prospect in the mountains clean back across the other boundary of the Reservation, and he showed around a smelter report of a shipment of ore what we'd doctored with barren rock so's it just paid out expenses."

Hardy did not smile. He returned gravely to Marie. "In view of the general agreement, Miss Dupont, may I hope that you——"

"You may not, Captain Hardy," she ungraciously interrupted. "You insulted my father. He and I shall at once leave for home."

Dupont looked at Vandervyn, and received a sign to acquiesce.

"Don't want to leave you in the lurch, Cap," he said. "But if Marie's set on going, guess I'll have to."

"Tell four of the police they are detailed to escort yourself and Miss Dupont back to the Agency," ordered Hardy. He raised his hat to Marie. "Permit me to wish you a pleasant journey."

The girl turned away without replying. Hardy stood for a moment cool and still under Vandervyn's exultant smile; then faced about, and steadily walked off along the mountain terrace.

He did not return to the cabin until the greater number of the saddle and pack ponies had been brought up from the valley and the returning party had mounted and ridden away on the back trail. Vandervyn started off with them, and Hardy's keen hazel eyes dimmed as, leaning against a gnarled pine on the slope above, he watched the lovers ride away, side by side.

Shortly before nightfall Vandervyn came jogging back to the mine. He had had a delightful ride with Marie, and he complacently intimated the fact to Hardy.

In the midst of this subtle tormenting of his rival, Oinna came out to serve the supper that she had cooked in the cabin. Vandervyn abruptly changed the subject, and began to talk about the council next day. Hardy gave no sign that he observed this sudden break or the furtive, adoring glances that the girl bestowed on Vandervyn as she glided softly to and fro.

The night came on, clear and still. As they puffed at their after-supper pipes, Vandervyn suggested that, out of consideration for the young woman, they roll up in their blankets outside the cabin. To this Hardy made no objection. They picked out a soft spot matted with fallen pine needles, under a low-growing tree, and soon both were seemingly fast asleep.

After several minutes Vandervyn spoke to his companion in a low tone. Hardy did not answer. Vandervyn drew out his pipe and struck a match. He held the flame over Hardy's face. The eyes were closed, and the severe, half melancholy expression of the harsh features was relaxed as if in heavy slumber.

Vandervyn extinguished the match and slipped out of his blankets. Noiselessly he crept down to the cabin and around to the door. It was barred on the inside. He tapped on it, and whispered impatiently: "Hurry up, you silly fool—open the door! You might have known I'd be coming in."

Within the cabin a timid voice called back breathlessly: "Yes, yes, I'm coming! But him? I thought you didn't want him to know yet."

"Don't worry about him," jeered Vandervyn. "The old fossil is sleeping like a log. Hurry up and draw that bar."

There was a sliding sound within the cabin, and the heavy door began to swing inward. Vandervyn put his foot on the threshold to enter. At the same moment a sinewy hand gripped his shoulder and jerked him away. He cursed, and clapped his hand to his holster as he whirled about. It was empty. He bent forward to spring at the dark form in the half-open doorway.

"Stand back!" came the stern command. "I have your revolver. Oinna, close the door."

The door swung shut. In the tense silence the rattle of the bar as it shot back into its socket was distinct. Vandervyn's teeth ground together.

"You—straight-laced—prig!" he choked out. "Get away from here! I'm going in."

"No," said Hardy. "Have you no shame?—no sense of honor? Today making your representations to her, and now trying to take advantage of this poor girl's infatuation!"

"Bah! what a bleat over a squaw!" sneered Vandervyn. "Isn't her brother in there? What the devil have you got to say about it?"

"If Redbear is such a degenerate, he should be in the guardhouse," rejoined Hardy. "As for you, I shall require your word to leave his sister alone."

"Suppose I don't choose to give it?"

"Then I will protect her by ordering you to leave the Reservation as fast as you can travel."

"I see," taunted Vandervyn. "You want to get rid of me, so you can have clear sailing with Marie. You're a great one to spout about honor! You'll go and blat to her about this."

"You know very well I cannot do that. Yet if you refuse to give me your word I shall feel justified in telling Dupont my reason for ordering you off the Reservation."

Vandervyn burst into a cynical laugh. "D'you think Jake's the sort to care about a little affair of this kind?"

"When the happiness of his daughter is at stake——"

"Precisely. He thinks I'm her one best chance. He'd shove her on me if I had a hundred squaws."

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Since, like this poor girl's, her natural guardian is unfit, my position as acting agent requires me to take his place. My appeal to you as a gentleman having failed, I must conclude that you are not a gentleman. I shall be compelled to disclose this incident to Miss Dupont. You shall be escorted off the Reservation under arrest."

"You'll tell her!" cried Vandervyn, and again he bent forward as if to leap at his rival. Hardy stood cold and motionless in the dim starlight. The younger man checked himself. His voice shook with suppressed anger: "You've got the drop on me now. Wait till we hear from Washington."

"Until I am relieved from my present detail, I shall consider myself the guardian of Miss Dupont and this innocent, ignorant girl," stated Hardy.

There followed a silence of several moments' duration, in which Vandervyn must have found time to reflect. He drew back a step or two, lit his pipe, and at last remarked in a somewhat forced tone of conciliation: "I see you're like an army mule—no use trying to budge you when you balk. I give you my word to act as a gentleman in this affair."

"Very well," replied Hardy.

Vandervyn started off, sucking at his pipe. Hardy turned about, and locked the door on the outside with the heavy padlock that hung loose in the jamb staple. He put the key in his pocket, and walked around the cabin to make certain that there were no other openings larger than the narrow crevices of the loopholes.

When he returned to the tree, he found Vandervyn already stretched out. He picked up his blankets and moved down the slope, to spend the night in the more congenial company of the two remaining Indian policemen.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### IN WHITE AND BLACK.

IN THE morning Oinna was too timid to show herself outside the cabin, tho Hardy called a kindly good morning to her when he freed the padlock. Her brother, with one arm carefully bandaged and in a sling, brought out the breakfast that she cooked. He looked so weak and unsteady that Hardy at once assented when he mumbled that he wished to go back to bed and rest until the council.

"You must have your wits about you this time," added Hardy. "Whatever the cause of the misunderstanding at the first council, it must not recur. You are too careless in your interpretations. Inform your sister that she is to be present. I shall require her to check you."

"Would you make a girl as shy as she is stand up in a tribal council and interpret?" remonstrated Vandervyn, as Redbear slunk around the end of the cabin.

"The presence of her grandfather will give her courage," replied Hardy. "It is necessary that she should be present. I do not trust either the ability or the honesty of her brother."

Vandervyn shrugged, and said no more. Half an hour or so later he asked permission to use Hardy's pen and pad to write some letters. The Captain handed them to him, and started up the mountainside above the tunnel path.

As soon as he had gone beyond earshot Vandervyn rose to stretch himself and call softly thru the nearest loophole. He then seated himself on his saddle and began to write. At intervals he paused as if to consider, and occasionally he spoke aloud, his eyes always downbent on the writing pad. Even had his voice carried up the mountainside, Hardy must have inferred from his attitude that he was shaping in spoken words the ideas that he wished to write. A listener would have had need to be near at hand to have heard the low murmur of Redbear's and Oinna's voices thru the loophole above Vandervyn's head.

When Hardy returned from his examination of the upper works of the mine, Vandervyn sealed in his presence the two letters that he had written. They appeared decidedly thin, in view of the time that Vandervyn had spent in his writing and the number of sheets of paper gone from the pad. But Hardy did not observe this. His attention had been diverted by a large party of Indians that had appeared on the velvety green meadows of the valley bottom.

The tribal council had begun to assemble. This time the chiefs and headmen did not come alone. From far camps as well as near, men and women and children were trailing down out of the high mountains. Old Ti-owa-konza's runners had carried the welcome message of peace and friendship, and many of the men of the tribe were bringing their families to see the Longknife chief whom they had first hated but now believed to be their friend and father.

The first comers were soon followed by others. From every direction the scattered bands came straggling into the valley, down mountain slopes and out of clefts and gulches. By noon their numbers had grown from scores to hundreds.

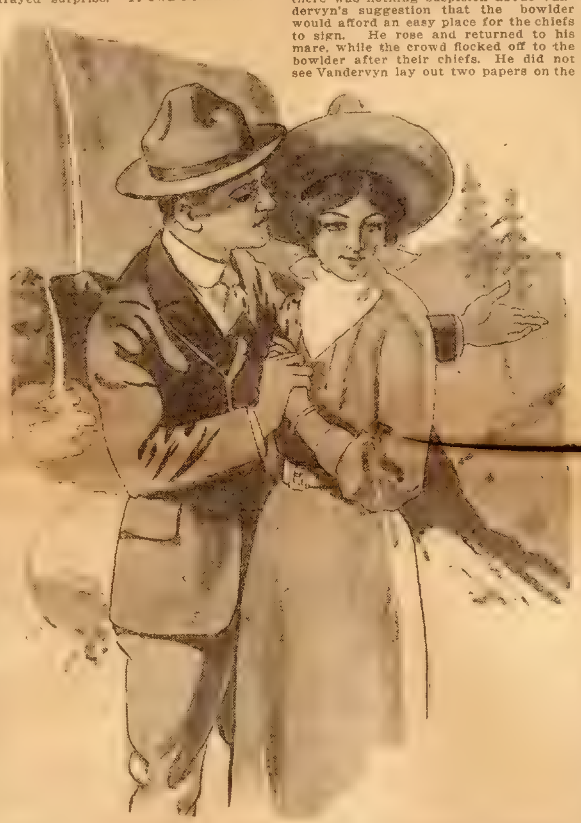
Shortly after the midday meal one of the Indian policemen brought word up to the cabin that the head chief had arrived and the council was ready to talk with the agent. The other policeman had already fetched the horses. Hardy at once gave command to mount. Oinna still shrank from sight in the cabin, but as soon as Hardy and Vandervyn started to ride down the slope she slipped out and held her brother's pony for him. She then mounted her own, and rode after him.

At the foot of the slope the riders came out thru a grove of young quaking asps into sudden view of the picturesque and imposing tribal council. Fully half the tribe had gathered together for the occasion. All up and down the valley the meadows were dotted with their ponies. The Indians were assembled in a dense crowd—the men in a deep band around the chiefs, the women and children outside.

Hardy was greeted with a murmur of welcome and admiration, and the crowd made a path thru their midst to the inner ring of the chiefs. Hardy dismounted, and ordered the horses left in the charge of the two policemen. Followed by Redbear, Vandervyn, and Oinna, he walked along the passage between the living walls of silent, furtive-eyed Indians, and seated himself on the blanket that had been spread for him beside old Ti-owa-konza. Shortly before the start down into the valley Vandervyn had again borrowed his superior's writing pad and fountain pen. He now sat down at Hardy's shoulder, with the pad and pen ready.

After a ceremonious silence the head chief's crier announced the purpose of the council. This was followed by declamations from three orators, whose main purpose seemed to be to give an exhibition of their ability in painting word-pictures. When they had finished, Ti-owa-konza arose, and warmed the hearts of his people with an impassioned eulogy of their new friend, the chief of the Longknives, who had come to be a father to the tribe.

Hardy then explained the good that had resulted on other reservations from the taking of land in severalty, and advised that the council name a delegation of chiefs to go on at once to Washington and ask for the confirmation of the new treaty. More than once during Redbear's interpretation of the acting agent's statements Oinna betrayed surprise. Ti-owa-konza noticed this sooner than Hardy. He spoke to his granddaughter. The girl cast a timid look at Vandervyn and hesitated.



The Girl Turned to Hide Her Face From the Reverent Adoration in His Gaze.

Her brother smiled cunningly and said: "It's all right. Tell him."

"What's that?" queried Hardy.

"Nothing—nothing, sir," quavered the girl. "Only, Charlie—he added something to what you said."

"I put in that you and Mr. Van would try to get them big pay for the mineral lands," boldly explained Redbear.

"Surely, you've no objection to that, Captain," remarked Vandervyn.

"Was that all?" Hardy asked the girl.

"Yes, sir. He only——"

"Very well. I have no objection to the statement. But I now must decidedly insist upon an exact interpretation of what I say. Miss Redbear, you will tell me at once if your brother either fails to interpret what I tell him or makes any additions."

"Ye-s, sir, if——" faltered Oinna. Her covert glance of appeal met with a reassuring smile from Vandervyn. She ventured to look up at Hardy, and her voice became steadier: "Yes, sir, of course. Only Charlie was just trying to help, and he won't do it again."

Hardy resumed his explanations and advice. When he had finished, several more orators had to exhibit their eloquence. The council then proceeded to accept the acting agent's advice and name a delegation. As Ti-owa-konza insisted that he was too old to venture so long a journey among the white men, five of the younger sub-chiefs and headmen were chosen to represent the tribe.

During the closing ceremonies of the council Vandervyn leaned forward beside Hardy, and showed him an abbreviated but accurate memorandum of the proceedings.

"It's as well to have these things in black and white," he suggested. "We could get the chiefs to sign this before the council breaks up."

"Very good. A record may be valuable for future reference," agreed Hardy.

He rapidly read the writing, interpolated a few words, added a line, and gave it to Redbear to interpret. When the council acknowledged the accuracy of the memorandum, Hardy signed it, and asked the chiefs to add their marks, with Redbear and Oinna acting as witnesses. At this Vandervyn volunteered to serve as penman, and officiously ordered Redbear to bring the chiefs over to a nearby bowlder, where they could more conveniently make their marks on the paper.

Hardy offered no objection to this. The council had finished its work, and there was nothing suspicion about Vandervyn's suggestion that the bowlder would afford an easy place for the chiefs to sign. He rose and returned to his mare, while the crowd flocked off to the bowlder after their chiefs. He did not see Vandervyn lay out two papers on the top of the rock, nor did he hear the smooth explanation that the agent wanted the chiefs to sign two copies of the memorandum. This statement was unhesitatingly interpreted by Redbear, and the chiefs, who knew by experience that most Agency papers were signed in duplicate, made their crosses and thumb-prints as fast as Vandervyn wrote their names on the two papers.

Oinna ventured to whisper to her brother that the papers did not look alike. He hastily repeated the remark to Vandervyn. The girl cringed closer to her grandfather. But Vandervyn showed no anger. He smiled at her in a manner that brought a blissful glow into her soft eyes, and explained that one paper gave the proceedings of the council in full, while the other consisted of brief notes. He then murmured to her something that at first brought a shadow into her joyous face, but in the end left her radiant with happiness.

When the leading men of the tribe had signed the papers and Redbear and Oinna had attested as witnesses, Vandervyn thrust the documents into his pocket and went alone to rejoin Hardy. As he handed over the paper that Hardy had signed, he remarked that, if there was no objection, Redbear and his sister would remain in the mountains with their grandfather until word should be received from the Government for the tribal delegation to come on to Washington.

"You are ready to return to the Agency with me?" asked Hardy.

"We can start at once, if you wish," assented Vandervyn.

"Very well," said Hardy. "The girl shall remain here, and you will come with me."

Vandervyn shrugged, smiled goodhumoredly, and vaulted into his saddle.

Still doubtful of his companion, Hardy took the ponies of Redbear and Oinna in lead, and rode over to where the brother and sister stood in the midst of their grandfather's immediate family. When the girl confirmed Vandervyn's statement that she wished to remain in the mountains, he took ceremonious leave of the noble old chief, and rode off to rejoin his party.

During the brief interval Vandervyn's gay humor had disappeared. He met Hardy with a frown, and held out one of the letters that he had written that morning. Seeing that it was addressed to himself, Hardy tore open the envelope and read the brief note within.

"So," he said, fixing the younger man with a level glance, "your resignation—to take effect at once. It is dated yesterday."

"It would have been dated and presented a week ago if I'd had the slightest idea you were going to insult me as you did yesterday," Vandervyn burst out angrily. "You'd have had it on the spot if I could have brought myself to borrow your pen and paper."

"I see," said Hardy. He reflected a moment, and remarked: "There seems to be no reason why I should not accept your resignation, if you insist upon my acting on it."

"I do," said Vandervyn. "I've had enough of your bullying. I'm a free man now—not your clerk."

"You will change your tone, sir, if you wish to ride in my company," said Hardy, with a cool self-control that checked the other's anger.

"Lord! if only you weren't such a self-righteous prig!" exclaimed the younger man. "You're so sure you can show cards and spades to the angels! I'm out for the good things of life, and I make no bones over it. But that doesn't prevent me from being a blooming benefactor as well. If you wish to know the real reason why I'm resigning, it's because I have planned to go on to Washington with the delegation, and pull wires to get the tribe a big slice of graft for their mineral lands."

Hardy saw the frank sincerity in his companion's eyes, and responded to the assertion with an instant apology: "Mr. Vandervyn, I beg your pardon for mis[illegible] has been [illegible] advised, but I no [illegible] doubt your good intentions."

"It takes an officer and gentleman to eat crow as if it were quail!" rallied Vandervyn with seemingly genial sarcasm. "Do I understand that my resignation is accepted?"

"If you insist."

"I do. Now that it settled. We make the return trip as equals," said Vandervyn, and, as if freed from all rancor by the thought, he fell into a mood of suave gayety.

### CHAPTER XIX.

### A LOVER'S PROMISE.

WHEN, mid-afternoon of the next day, the two white men and the pair of Indian police emerged from the canyon of Sioux Creek into the Agency valley, Vandervyn was still as gay and goodhumored as at the start of the journey. He even volunteered to intervene for Hardy with Marie.

"There's no other boarding-house short of town, and baching is no fun," he replied to Hardy's objections. "Besides, Marie will be willing to forgive you when she learns that we no longer are at outs."

"It is very kind of you to make the offer," replied Hardy in rather a stiff tone. "If Dupont is at home, may I ask you to send him to the office?"

"Certainly," replied Vandervyn, and all the way down to the Agency he chatted genially. When they came to the level behind the warehouse, he waved his hand in friendly parting. "S'long. See you later."

He cut across toward the Dupont house without stopping at his own cabin. Evidently he considered that he would be welcome even if he did not wait to groom himself.

Dupont soon clumped into the Agency office, fairly oozing with jovial friendliness.

"Howdy! Howdy, Cap!" he greeted. "Mighty glad to see you back all hunky-dory. Mr. Van told us how well everything come out and how you and him are pulling together now. Marie, she says she'll look to see you at supper. Mr. Van says you wanted to see me. Anything I can do, Cap, just call on me. Hard words break no bones, and I'm ready to own up we might've told you more about Nogen. I'm ready to call quits now, if you are."

Hardy accepted the proffered hand, and exchanged a cordial grip.

"This pleases me very much, Dupont," he responded. "We will all now work together for the tribe. I give you my best wishes that you may win the mine."

"We got a fair show to, seeing as how you ain't going to let on about it in your report. Now, just tell me what I can do for you."

"Merely a few words as interpreter," said Hardy. "I wish one of the police at once to ride over to the railroad with these telegrams and letters. The sooner I receive instructions to send the delegation to Washington, the better."

"That's no lie. Mr. Van says the money can't be appropriated till Congress meets, but the treaty is fixed up so's the amount can be settled on and the Reservation ordered divided up by the treaty commission."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hardy. "We may get the agricultural lands allotted in time for the planting of winter wheat. Come; we will send off these telegrams and letters."

Since the return of the party from the mountains, not one of the police but was more than willing to serve the new agent. Two of the younger men were soon cantering away down the valley on their best ponies, proud of the fact that they had been chosen to make the night ride to the railroad.

Hardy returned to the office with Dupont, and became deeply absorbed in discussing ways and means for the development of the Indians as farmers. When Dupont noted the hour, there seemed scarcely time for even one of the Captain's quick-change toilets. Yet he appeared at the door of the Dupont house, spick and span and his beard clean shaven, without having required his hostess to wait supper a half-minute.

As he entered in response to Dupont's hospitable bellow, there was a perceptible hesitancy in his manner. Marie was seated at the far end of the room near Vandervyn. She rose, and came forward to greet Hardy, her chin proudly uptilted.

"There seems to have been a general misunderstanding of motives, Captain," she remarked with frank directness. "I still consider that you were unduly harsh, but I now understand that you meant well and perhaps had some excuse. Reggie says that we are all to work together for the good of the tribe."

"It pleases me very much to hear you say it," he replied. "I believe that within a year we shall see an immense improvement in the condition of the tribe."

During supper the girl remained unusually thoughtful and silent. Hardy resumed with Dupont the discussion of plans for the instruction of the tribe in agriculture.

As they left the supper table, he asked Dupont to come to the office, that they might consult reports on the allotment of lands in severalty at other reservations.

Marie and Vandervyn followed them as far as the parlor, where the young man dropped into the [illegible] chair [illegible] a [illegible] disgusted: "Lord! he makes me weary—all that benevolent blatter!"

"Of course he is doing it merely to help himself in his career," murmured Marie.

"Or to get the handling of the tribal funds," suggested Vandervyn. "There'll be a flat slice of graft for somebody out of all those millions."

"You really think that?"

"What else can you expect—Government on one side and Poor Lo on the other? It's the usual thing. I expect to get my share."

"You?" exclaimed the girl, her eyes widening with a look of astonishment and reproach.

Vandervyn laughed amusedly. "Wait a bit before you dig up your tomahawk, Miss Sitting Bull. I've told you why I resigned my position. I've not got a snug job for life, as has Hardy; I can't afford to do my benevolent work for nothing. If I succeed in getting the tribe fifteen or twenty millions, instead of the five that was talked about, it strikes me they could afford to allow yours truly a nice little percentage as commission."

"Oh, Reggie, pardon me! Of course you should have good pay for proving yourself such a friend to the tribe."

"And to each member of the tribe!" he added, his blue eyes glowing golden with ardor. "I don't want all my pay in money. How about an advance royalty in—something else?"

He had risen, and was coming towards her. She blushed and retreated around the tea-table.

"No, no," she remonstrated. "I told you we must wait until—until you are freed from your—cousin."

"Wait?" he rejoined. "You're trying to play me against that tinfoil hero. Do you think I'm going to stand for that? You didn't hear your father tell you that old Hardy had rushed off his telegrams to Washington. I thought of course he would have told me before sending his messages. I could have so worded them for him that the game would have started off without a hitch. As it is, I can't take any chances. I must leave tomorrow, sweetheart."

"You have no right to call me that!" broke in the girl.

"Back to Washington—and your fiancee!"

"Quite true. And I'm going to stay unless there is some inducement for me to return here," he rejoined.

It was Marie's turn to bite her lip. "How can you say that, when you know that I—that I——"

"I know you've been coquetting with me ever since Hardy came," he charged.

At the betrayal of jealousy the girl recovered her aplomb. "Is that quite fair, when you admitted that you are engaged to your cousin?"

"I told you how it was, and why I cannot break off with her until——" He stepped nearer, his eyes aglow with passionate allurement. "You know I love you, only you, Marie! And you love me, sweetheart! You're the loveliest girl in all the world. Be kind to me! You cannot let me go away without some proof of your love—something to draw me back, to compel me to return to you."

Under the enticement of his soft eyes and pleading voice, all her reserve melted. Instead of eluding his advance, she swayed forward, and permitted him to take her in his arms. He crushed her to him, and showered kisses on her lips and blushing cheeks—upon her silken eyelids when they drooped to hide the love-light in her glorious eyes—upon her dusky hair when, overcome, she pressed her face against his shoulder.

He quivered with the joy of mastery and possession. "You are mine—mine! Say it!"

"I—I will marry you!" she whispered.

Submissive and loving as was the reply, it struck the ardent smile from Vandervyn's face. His embrace relaxed, and for a moment he stood staring over the girl's head, his lip between his teeth.

"I—love—you!" she murmured, quick to sense the change that had come upon him.

At the candid confession his eyes again glowed, and again he crushed her to him.

"You love me! You own it!" he cried. "You are mine!"

"Yours!" she panted, and she threw back her head to meet his gaze.

"Mine—now!" he whispered.

"No!"

With a sudden violent thrust for which he was all unprepared, she burst from his clasp and sprang clear of him.

Instinctively she flung up her elbow. It caught him under the chin, as he thrust forward. He staggered back from her, gasping, his hands on his throat.

"Oh!" she cried. "I did not mean—— You should not have——"

"You—didn't in—tend?" he choked out.

"You know it!" she answered. "It was the way you—— Oh! how could you?" She put up her hands, like a child, to hide the scarlet that flamed in her cheeks. "Go, please go! You have made me tell—— And I have promised to marry you—when you come back."

"If I do come back," qualified Vandervyn in a flash of chagrin.

Marie drew herself up to her full height, the color ebbing from her face. Her voice was as cold as her eyes. "Do you wish to free me from my promise?"

"Never!" he burst out. "You'd give yourself to Hardy. He shan't have you. You've promised—you said it."

"Not now—not yet—not until you come back to me, free from your cousin. Leave me, I asked you to go."

"What! This way? At least you will give me another kiss, sweetheart?"

"Go at once, else I shall refuse to see you in the morning."

When he perceived the look in her eyes he picked up his hat and left the house without attempting to argue.

She closed the door and hastened into her dainty little bedroom, to sink on her knees before the crucifix at the foot of the bed.

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## CHAPTER XX.

## THE FIGHTING CHANCE.

TO CATCH the eastbound express without lying over night and nearly all the following day in town, Vandervyn had to start from the Agency before dawn. But Marie was up an hour earlier and sent her father over to make sure that her lover came for the breakfast she had prepared for him. While he ate she stocked his saddlebags for the trip, and gave the pinto a good feed of oats.

He tried to see her alone, and failed. She was too clever for him. But when he went out to mount, she permitted him a single parting kiss in the presence of her father.

Dupont had saddled one of his own ponies to "ride out" with the traveler. Half an hour after sunrise Dupont came jogging back home, his heavy face set in a satisfied grin. The complacency of his look lessened when he entered and saw the Indian boy removing the evidences of some one's solitary meal. He knocked at his daughter's door. After quite a delay she called to him that he might enter. He found her seated at the foot of the bed, with a little leather-bound book in her lap. Tho her eyelids were swollen, she met him with her usual look of quiet self-possession.

"You let Cap eat alone," he remarked. "Don't call that being hospit'le, do you?"

"If he had been more considerate, Reggie could have remained until the delegation leaves," coldly replied the girl.

"Well, we got to keep in with him till Mr. Van gits things fixed. You see, if he gits mad and reports on us to Washington, we'll git kicked off the Reservation and barred from any chance of the mine."

"Did Reggie say that?"

"Yep. It's why, he says, he leaves it to you to keep quiet about the engagement. If you let on about it to Hardy, he's likely to git jealous and put Senator Clemmer next. That would queer the whole deal at this stage of the game."

"I do not believe that Captain Hardy would do such a thing," declared the girl.

"All right. Mr. Van leaves it to you to tell him, if you want to. Guess Cap means well; but he sure has made plenty of trouble a'ready, and he can easy head off Mr. Van from gitting back here. Most men won't stick at nothing when it comes a chance of gitting a girl like you. I ain't saying Cap mayn't be a straight-laced in everything else. But when it comes to being dead gone on a girl like you, and at his age, too—needn't tell me he won't do his level best to put Mr. Van out of the running any way he can."

Hardy had ridden off alone, and did not return to the Agency until sundown. When, at the usual supper hour, he presented himself at the Dupont door, his bearing was reserved and somewhat diffident. Dupont, who was alone in the parlor, genially bade him enter. But Hardy lingered in the doorway until Marie appeared.

"Pardon me, Miss Dupont," he said, as he met her look of surprise. "I came to say that if you do not consider it worth while to board me, I can make shift for myself."

"Indeed, but you shall not!" exclaimed the girl with a graciousness that brought a glow into his grave face. "What should we do without your company at table?"

"You are very kind to say it."

She smiled. "Where have you been keeping yourself all day?"

"I rode up Wolf River to the falls. A canal to irrigate a large area could be led down from there, and later on I believe a dam could be constructed above the falls at a comparatively small cost. It would convert the valley above into a large storage reservoir, to hold the winter floods."

"You must show me your plans at the falls themselves!" declared Marie with an enthusiasm more gratifying to him than would have been a personal compliment.

They went in to supper, earnestly discussing his plans for the betterment of the tribe.

So began the second period of his close companionship with the girl, and the intimacy appeared as sincere and friendly as the first one, when Vandervyn was in the mountains with Redbear. Almost every day they rode out to examine the Wolf River watershed, and estimate as best they could without surveying instruments the number of acres that could be put under ditch.

Hardy had at once written for reports on similar undertakings. Before receiving them he was agreeably surprised by an official telegram from Washington instructing him to at once send on the tribal delegation, in the charge of Redbear. So swift an unreeling of Governmental red tape proved that powerful influences were favoring the consummation of the new treaty. Hardy ungrudgingly gave Vandervyn the credit of being a very successful benevolent lobbyist.

A runner was dispatched to bring in Redbear and the delegates. They came without delay. Redbear's arm was so nearly healed that he had full use of it.

Hardy took charge of the delegation as far as the railroad, and Marie and Dupont went along to keep him company. He provided for the comfort aboard train of Redbear and the five solemn chiefs, and shipped them off with thru tickets to Washington and a careful set of instructions to help them in the conduct of their mission.

"My only wish is that I might go with them," he remarked, as the "iron horse" whirled them away toward the land of the sunrise. "They will be like the Babes in the Woods."

"You sure have done your level best for them, Cap," replied Dupont. "You ain't got no license to worry nohow. Mr. Van is there to boost 'em along."

"Besides, you have your work here," added Marie with a glance that completely diverted his thoughts.

They spent the night in the rough shack misnamed a hotel, and at dawn started on their return to the Agency. As Dupont's pony was continually lagging behind, Hardy had the pleasure of Marie's company virtually alone for the greater part of the ride. She seemed to enjoy this quite as much as he, and remained in gracious good-humor even thru the blazing heat of midday. Nor did she allow herself to feel fatigue until, after their arrival at the Agency, she had cooked a savory supper, and then entertained Hardy for an hour or more in her artistic little parlor.

The next day, fresh as ever, she was ready to ride up to the falls and help him run a line of levels with the instruments that he had hired in town. Never had he known any one so abounding in life. Mentally as well as physically, she seemed ever tireless, buoyant, animated.

Day after day they worked and planned for the good of the tribe; day after day her graciousness toward him increased. And day after day his love for her deepened and strengthened until it could be seen in his every look and act, and heard in every inflection of his voice when he spoke to her. Tho her manner towards

---

## WHAT DID YOU SEE OUT THERE?

*"What did you see out there, my lad,*
*That has set that look in your eyes?*
*You went out a boy, you have come back a man,*
*With strange new depths underneath your tan;*
*What is it you saw out there, my lad,*
*That set such deeps in your eyes?"*

*"Strange things, and sad, and wonderful—*
*Things that I scarce can tell;*
*I have been in the sweep of the Reaper's scythe,*
*With God, and Christ, and hell.*

*"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;*
*I have seen the devil at play;*
*I have gripped to the sod in the hand of God,*
*I have seen the godless pray.*

*"I have seen Death blast out suddenly*
*From the clear blue summer sky;*
*I have slain like Cain with a blazing brain,*
*I have heard the wounded cry;*

*"I have lain alone among the dead,*
*With no hope but to die;*
*I have seen them killing the wounded ones,*
*I have seen them crucify.*

*"I have seen the devil in petticoats*
*Wiling the souls of men;*
*I have seen great sinners do great deeds,*
*And turn to their sins again.*

*"I have sped thru hells of fiery hail*
*With fell red-fury shod;*
*I have heard the whisper of a voice,*
*I have looked in the face of God."*

*"You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,*
*You have met God in the ways,*
*And no man looks into His face*
*But he feels it all his days.*
*You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,*
*And we thank Him for his grace."*

—JOHN OXENHAM.

him showed no trace of overt coquetry, she made no effort to repulse his silent devotion or to check the growth of his passion.

A week after the departure of the delegation found him fully looking the part of a gallant lover—ardent, youthful, almost handsome. The forced stiffness of his carriage, which had hinted at suppressed lassitude, had given place to the easy erectness of buoyant vigor. His once sallow cheeks were now healthily ruddy under their tan. He had lost much of his former look of [illegible]. Even the silvery hairs over his temples seemed to be regaining their original ruddy brown.

A few days later, one of the lines of levels happened to bring him and the girl to the edge of the coulee, across from the butte. He suggested that they go down and across to the spring rill for a drink.

As they turned back, Marie recognized the exact spot where he had been shot. Womanlike, she shuddered and turned pale at the recollection, tho at the time of the occurrence she had been so brave.

"Look!" she said in a half-whisper. "Here is where you fell. I thought you were killed!"

"The experience was well worth while," he replied. His voice shook with the irresistible passion of his love. "Dearest!—let me call you that here, this once! It was here I first looked into the depths of your heart, and learned how good and kind you are."

The girl turned to hide her face from the reverent adoration of his gaze.

"No, no!" she murmured. "Don't, please!"

"I must speak, dear," he replied. "I ask nothing of you. It is only that I wish to tell you how you made me realize again that life is worth living. When I came from the Coast, I had lost one dearer to me than any one else in the world—my mother. She was a little woman, very frail—her blue eyes were dim and faded, her hair white; but even when she—was at the very end—her dear eyes sought to ease my grief with the same look you gave me as you bent over me here and thought me fatally injured."

"I am not what you think me—I am not!" she reiterated.

"You restored my faith and hope," he insisted. "It would be selfish of me to ask anything more of you now——"

"It would be useless—useless!" she cried.

He was too little versed in feminine nature to realize that her vehemence might indicate an effort to suppress an inner doubt of the assertion. Had he been a few years younger, youthful impetuosity might have won him that which his reverent respect shrank from urging. He had taken her gloved hand. He pressed it to his lips, and freed her.

"I shall not annoy you, dear," he said. "Yet I cannot take that as final. I shall wait until he returns. Then I shall take my fighting chance."

"You will?" she whispered.

"I shall not give up until you have pledged yourself to him. If I can, I will prevent that. He cannot possibly love you as I love you. If it is possible to win you for my wife, I will do it."

Marie quivered, and shrank from him as if startled. "You say, when he comes back—— But until then you—you will not——"

"Until then we shall continue to be the same good comrades that we have been."

The girl drew in a deep breath. "Then—let us go back to work."

Hardy accepted the suggestion with a self-control that was as remarkable as it was misplaced.

**Vandervyn comes back to claim his own and Hardy loses his only chance. He then enters the lists for the mine and the grueling race for wealth is on.**

❧ ❧ ❧

## Crude Work.

"NEXT time I'm burgled by a rank amateur after this I'm going to keep the thing to myself," said the angular Lake Bluffer. "The only kind of job that will awaken my interest will be one in which I fight single handed with the desperadoes or chase them a mile or two with a smoking thirty-eight, in regulation film style. But no neophyte housebreaker shall ever unseal these lips. Yes, sir, just let Mr. Yegg sneak into my home as he did one night last week and make his getaway with nothing but Willie's dollar watch and the case is closed. There'll be no word on the police station's blotter.

"That's what our burglar did. He opened the window off the kitchen and stepped on the cat's tail the moment his foot touched the floor. I heard him, and that was the reason I didn't grab my ordnance and start for the front.

"I knew that he was an apprentice crook. Then he started across the floor with his squeaky shoes crying out at every step. And his breathing was so heavy that it woke up the canary and started the bird to singing.

"When he passed my bedroom door I could have laughed out loud. Imagine a regular graduate burglar going thru a house without a flashlight. I never heard of such a thing! I was on the point of yelling out where he could get a book for 10 cents on how to burgle respectably and skillfully, but refrained from curiosity.

"When he entered my bedroom he had laid his gun on the dining room table. If I had popped out of my couch and given battle he might have forgotten where he put his weapon and lost the round. However, I lay still and watched.

"When he picked up my trousers to go thru them I heard him heave a sigh and cast them across the room. They were the tattered pair I had been gardening in, and he must have concluded that the owner was a bo or a bankrupt.

"He departed immediately by the route followed on his entrance and he left his gun on the dining room table, as I imagined he would. I went back to sleep and never thought another thing about it until Willie, at breakfast, remarked that his timepiece was nowhere to be found.

"It was then that I broke the news to my wife and son concerning the crook's call a few hours earlier. Nothing would do my wife but call up the police and have them send a squad of sleuths over. When they came they took down the details, and the loss of Willie's watch was entered on the records. At this juncture I made the mistake of my life."

"What was that?" asked the rotund Evanstonian.

"I mentioned the fact that the burglar had left a fine gun behind him on the table. It was just the kind of cannon I had long coveted. 'Hand over the gat!' growled the head detective. 'What would an honest guy like you be wantin' wit' one of them things?'"

❧ ❧ ❧

## Stitch in Time Saves Nine.

SHE was an admirable person and never lost an opportunity of pointing a moral to her small nephews and nieces. She took them to the museum for a treat.

"This," said the guide, "is Nelson's vest worn at the battle of Trafalgar, and this is the hole where the fatal bullet went thru."

"There, children," said their aunt. "You remember what I said about a stitch in time saving nine. If that hole had been mended the bullet wouldn't have gone thru." Then she capped it by adding, "And Nelson might have been living yet."

❧ ❧ ❧

## Very Good Reason.

ONE of the registrars in a Virginia country district tells a story of a negro man, obviously within the prescribed ages and of powerful physique, who turned up on registration day. The registrar had a good deal of difficulty in making the applicant understand the various questions.

"Do you claim exemption?" he asked.

"What's dat, suh?"

"Is there any reason why you should not render military service—why you should not fight your country's battles"

"Oh, yes, suh," replied the applicant much enlightened. "I'se gunshy."

❧ ❧ ❧

## The Friendly Censor.

END of letter: "Good-by, my dear, for the present. Yours, Jack." Then—"x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x. P. S.—I hope the censor doesn't object to those crosses."

Added by Friend Censor: "Certainly not! x—x—x—x—x—x—x"

❧ ❧ ❧

## Beginning Early.

MOSE JOHNSING—"What will be yo'r charge fo' marrying me and Melindy tomorrow?"

Parson Jackson—"Two dollars."

Mose Johnsing—"Well, say, just charge her five and send me de difference to Lake Squeedunk, whar we's gwine on de honeymoon."—Puck

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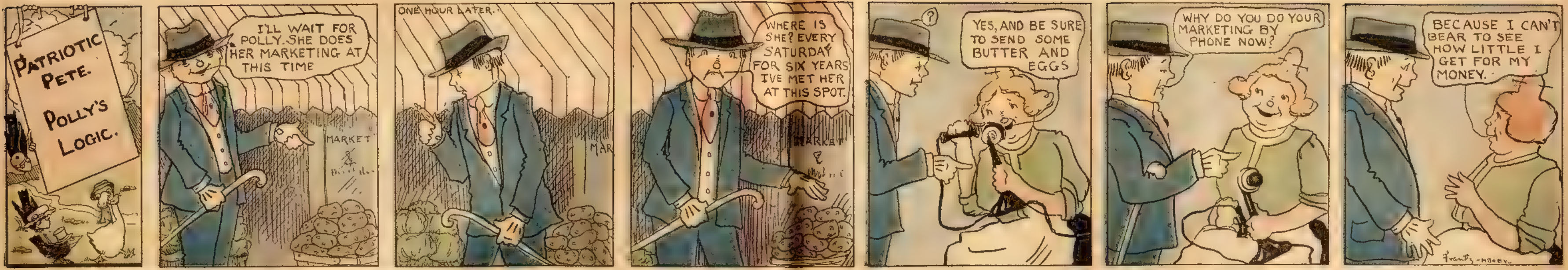

PATRIOTIC PETE.
POLLY'S LOGIC.
I'LL WAIT FOR POLLY. SHE DOES HER MARKETING AT THIS TIME
MARKET
ONE HOUR LATER.
WHERE IS SHE? EVERY SATURDAY FOR SIX YEARS I'VE MET HER AT THIS SPOT.
?
YES, AND BE SURE TO SEND SOME BUTTER AND EGGS
WHY DO YOU DO YOUR MARKETING BY PHONE NOW?
BECAUSE I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE HOW LITTLE I GET FOR MY MONEY.
Frantz

### Forgetful.

The cornerstone laying had been a brilliant success. The weather was fine, the speeches eloquent, the music impressive. The master of ceremonies was very well satisfied with himself, yet with the dispersal of the crowd he became strangely excited. Hurriedly he sought the master mason.

"Is it possible to lift the cornerstone again?" he asked.

"I am afraid not, sir," said the mason. "Have you any particular reason for asking?"

"I have," said the master of ceremonies. "I've left my hat in the receptacle along with the records."

◆

### The Old-Fashioned Way.

The young hopeful of 4 years had been a source of continual vexation and trouble all thru the meal, and at its finish a woman friend turned to the child's mother and said:

"If your boy belonged to me I shouldn't stand so much of his nonsense at mealtimes. I should give him a thrashing."

"But," said the mother, "you can't spank the poor little fellow on a full stomach."

"[illegible]," said the friend, "[illegible] you [illegible] turn him over."

◆

### He Was at a Loss.

One of the briefest summings up on record was that of Mr. Justice Maule, who thus addressed the jury on a memorable occasion:

"Gentlemen of the jury," he is reported to have said, "if you don't believe the witnesses for the plaintiff, you will find for the defendant. If you don't believe the witnesses for the defendant, you will find for the plaintiff. If, like myself, you don't believe any of them, heaven knows which way you will find. Consider your verdict."

### Not That Way.

A woman went into an establishment the other day to purchase some linen. She approached the floorwalker, who was very knock-kneed, to direct her to the linen department.

"Walk this way, please," said the floorwalker. The woman looked at him and said:

"Lor', sir, if you were to give me all the linen in the shop for nothin' I couldn't walk that way."

◆

### Good Consort.

Bishop Evans Tyree said [illegible] ville interview:

"The German idea of goodness reminds me of the bereaved widow, Mrs. [illegible] White.

"'So you've lost your husband,' said Mrs. Cal Clay. 'He certainly was a good man, wasn't he?'

"'He certainly was,' said the widow. 'No three cops in Nola Chucky could handle him.'"

◆

### Untrained Umbrella.

"Sir," exclaimed the injured man, "you stuck your beastly umbrella into my eye."

"Oh, no, sir!" replied the genial idiot. "I assure you you are quite mistaken."

"Mistaken?" screamed the other, dancing with pain. "I tell you I know when my own eye is hurt."

"Doubtless you do, sir; but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one yesterday."

◆

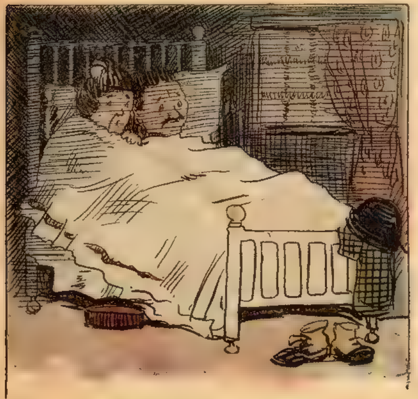
### Ahead, Not Behind.

"Did you know you were behind in your board?" asked the keeper of the prunes.

"No, I didn't," replied the boarder.

"You owe me for a month."

"Oh, I know that, but I considered I was just that much ahead."



Burglar's Wife (2 A. M.)—"Listen, John! I think there are policemen in the house!"

Burglar—"Let 'em alone! They won't touch nothing but the beer and cold chicken."

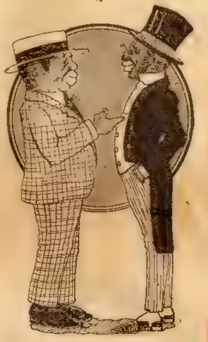
### Somewhat Alike.

"Excuse me, madam, but here is a strap."

"I thought I had a strap."

"No, madam, you were hanging onto my ear."

◆



Mose Johnsing—"What will you charge for marrying me and Melinday tomorrow, pahson?"

Parson Jackson—"Two dollars."

Mose Johnsing—"Well, say, just charge her five and send me de difference to Lake Squeedunk, whar we's gwine on de honeymoon."

◆

### Conservation.

Jimmy is a small 10-year-old and very unpopular with the family just now. He reckons time from a bag full of ill-gotten marbles and has reduced the use of soap and water to a fine point. The other morning he was, as usual, late at breakfast. Finally his father mounted the steps a few at a time only to come on Jimmy in the bathroom looking complacently into his mother's hand mirror.

"What are you doing with that mirror?" his father asked brusquely.

"Trying to see which part of my face to wash," he answered promptly.

◆

### Coals to Newcastle.

Tim was a protege of Mr. Blank, a well known Boston lawyer. He was often in trouble, but by personal influence with the courts Mr. Blank managed to have him let down easy, so it became a matter of talk that he did not suffer greatly in being arrested.

"How is it, Tim," some one asked one day, "that you are arrested very often, but never go to jail nor pay any fines?"

"It's just this way," Tim replied. "I have Mr. Blank for me lawyer, and what he doesn't know about the law I tells him."

◆

### Seeking Comfort.

"Are you going away for the summer?"

"Maybe," replied the climate chaser. "If July is as cold as June was I'll probably have to go to Florida or somewhere."

◆

### He Found It.

Waiter (hinting for a tip)—"And how did you find your steak, sir?"

Diner—"Oh! I just moved that little piece of potato and there it was."

### Where Elizabeth Was.

In a recent trial in the Shawnee County Court according to the Topeka Pink Rag, it was necessary for the jury to know the whereabouts of all the members of a negro family at a certain time. So the witness was asked:

"Where was Mary?"

"In de back yahd."

"Where was Jane?"

"Upstairs in de front room."

"Where was Ann?"

"She was on de front porch."

"And where was Elizabeth?"

"She was in de pantry takin' a bath."

◆

### Diplomacy.

"I hardly know how to receive your proposal," said the heiress, coldly. "You know, of course, that I am worth a million."

"A million!" exclaimed the ardent suitor. "I know that you are worth 10,000,000 other girls."

"Oh, Jack, forgive me for suspecting you of mercenary motives."

◆

### Arrived.

"Are the Grabcoins still regarded as social climbers?"

"No, indeed. They have reached the point where they can hurl the harpoon and wield the snickersnee on other people who are trying to climb."

### Memorable.

Briggs—"What time did the clock say when you got home last night?"

Griggs—"I don't remember what the clock said, but I'll never forget what my wife said."

◆

### By Contrast.

Teacher—"Jimmy, you look quite pale this morning. Are you ill?"

Jimmy—"No'm. Ma washed my face this morning herself."

◆

### First Aid.

"A drowning man will catch at a straw."

"Sure he will, especially if he is drowning his sorrows."

### Repartee.

At a dance recently a young gentleman somewhat inferior in social position to most of those present approached an alderman's daughter—"mightily superior" sort—and rather diffidently asked for the favor of a dance.

The girl looked him stonily in the face for a moment, then turned away with the remark:

"I'm sorry, but I'm—well, rather particular as to whom I dance with."

"Ah, indeed," was the quiet retort, "then we differ in that respect. I'm not a bit particular. That was why I asked you."

◆

### Not at All Vain.

"How did you come out?" asked his friend. "Will she have you?"

"Her answer," replied the diplomatic attache, "is partly satisfactory. Enough so to continue negotiations. She says if she ever does marry it will be a man of good looks, courage and ability."

◆

### Could Talk Fast.

Junior Partner—"I see you have engaged a new man. Is he a good salesman?"

Senior Partner—"Good salesman! My hat! I had to send for the police to prevent him from talking me into taking him into partnership."

### Primal Acrostic.

99—

1 * * * * * *
2 * * * * * *
3 * * * * * *
4 * * * * * *
5 * * * * * *
6 * * * * * *
7 * * * * * *
8 * * * * * *
9 * * * * * *
10 * * * * * *

1 Used by an artist.
2 Seen on deer.
3 A mythical animal found on the English coat of arms.
4. A handy light.
5. Decorations.
6. A recent astronomical event.
7. An eruption of a mountain.
8. An ornament.
9. Small animals.
10. A memorial inscription.

The initials spell the name of a famous rider.

◆

### A Problem in Marbles.

100—Johnny bought twenty marbles for 20 cents. The agates cost 4 cents, the alleys two for a cent, and miggies four for a cent. How many of a sort did Johnny get?

◆

### Monosyllabic Puzzle.

101—Add a certain monosyllable

1. To a plaything and have warfare.
2. To a person and have a garment.
3. To a rodent and have a child's toy.
4. To an animal and have some larger animals.
5. To come up and have stamina.
6. To lighted and have small.
7. To a heavenly body and have to frighten.
8. To a collection and have a long seat.
9. To one insect and have another insect.
10. To a dish for liquids and have a corner or segment.

◆

### Beheading.

102—Tho small I am, yet when entire,
I often set a house on fire.
Take off one letter, and 'tis clear
I then could hold a herd of deer;
Dismiss one more and you will know
That once I held a strange cargo.

◆

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

#### 95. Historic Diagonal.

Nemacolin.

N E C E S S I T Y
L E S C A R B O T
L A M A R T I N E
L A G A L E T T E
A N T I C O S T I
B I L N C O W R T
I B E R V I L L E
V A U D R E U I L
D U C H A M B O N

◆

#### 96. Farmer's Problem.

The farmer had a loss of $4.00.

◆

#### 97. A Fishing Trip.

1 Sun fish.
2 Star fish.
3 Dog fish.
4. Sword fish.
5. Flying fish.

◆

#### 98. Beheadings.

1. Harbor—arbor.
2. Swallow—wallow.
3. Tire—ire.
4. Coffer—offer.
5. Farm—arm.

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

### Seems All Right.

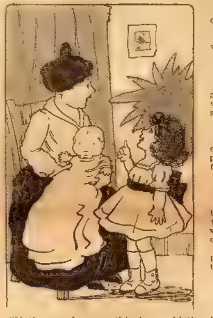
Patience—"That woman next door has got another new hat."

Patrice—"Well, suppose she has?"

"She seems to have hat on the brain."

"Well, isn't that the place for a hat?"

◆



"Mother, as long as this is my birthday I think you might let me eat something that's bad for me."

◆

### Some Queer Ads.

An English paper advertises for "a young person who can cook and dress children" and refers in its "lost and found" column to "a little girl stuffed with rags."

This is the paper that contains the following:

"A gentleman has a school for sale contains two schoolrooms which will accommodate 300 pupils one above another. Also this: "A lady offers for sale a baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that, being now married, she has no use for them, as their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband."

◆

### His Natural State.

A nervous old beau entered a customer's and said:

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion. I am going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I can be quite sure no one else will wear. What can you suggest?"

The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on his gleaming, bald and shining head.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, thoughtfully, "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

◆

### The Remedy.

The door opened suddenly and a lady rushed in. "Oh, doctor," she cried, "the baby has swallowed some ink and now he's looking blue. What shall I do?"

"Give him a dose of blotter," said the doctor. "This is certainly an absorbing case."

◆

### Why Keep It So Long?

Agent—"This vacuum bottle will keep anything hot or cold for seventy-two hours."

Mr. Tipples—"Don't want it. If I have anything worth drinking I don't want to keep it seventy-two hours."

### Seldom Seen.

Sobyeski Kournos, the Polish pianist, narrated at a dinner in Denver Poland's unhappy story.

"In this new Austro-German wrangle about the partition of Poland," said a mine owner, "which side, professor, will Poland take?"

Professor Kournos laughed bitterly.

"Did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone?" he asked.

"Yes," said the mine owner.

"Well," said Professor Kournos, "did you ever see the bone do any fighting?"

◆

### Flatters Himself.

As soon as the recruit arrives in camp and learns his way about he begins writing letters altho he may have been an indifferent correspondent before.

"So it seems."

"Now, why is that?"

"Usually the recruit is homesick, but occasionally he gets an idea that the people back home want some war news from a recognized authority."

◆

### To Beat the Band.

"Hold on there!" said the leader of the band, stopping the music and turning to the new trombone player. "This won't do at all. You are three bars ahead of the rest of us."

"I know it," replied the trombonist, proudly. "Didn't I tell you I could play to beat the band?"

◆

### Charm of the Impromptu.

"What's your mule's name?"

"He hasn't got any reg'lar name. It sort o' keeps us both interested for me to think up what to call 'im as the provocation arises."

### Flat, Flatter, Flattest.

Pat was walking along the road one day reading an Irish comic paper and laughing at the jokes, when he was stopped by an Englishman who wanted to know what he was laughing at. Pat replied by handing him the paper, remarking that a particular joke to which he pointed would make anybody laugh.

The Englishman took the paper, read the joke and handing it back to Pat remarked: "The man who would laugh at that would be an awful flat."

Just then the Englishman slipped on a bit of orange peel and fell to the ground, whereupon Pat remarked: "The man who wouldn't laugh at that is flatter."

◆

### The Smoke Barrage.

It was in the next sector, we judge, that this incident, related by Puck, occurred.

American Soldier (smoking furiously at a ropelike stogie made somewhere in America)—"Here, Leon, you hold my cigar while I throw this bomb in the German trench."

French Soldier (not used to the three-for-a-nickel kind)—"Non, non, Monsieur Sammie, I will hold zee bomb while you throw zee [illegible]."

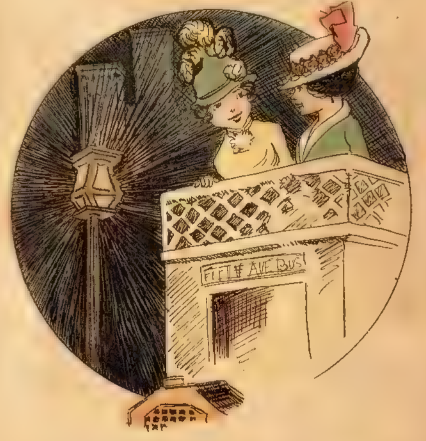
◆

### Not Particular.

Tramp—"For the love of Mike, ma'am, give me some assistance. I didn't get a bite nor sup this holy and blessed day."

Lady—"I wonder at your temerity in coming here to beg. If my husband, who is a policeman, were in he would take you up and give you a month in jail."

Tramp (retreating quickly)—"Begor, ma'am, I don't want to see him, for when he took you he'd take anybody."



"Do you ever permit your husband to have his own way?"

"Oh! yes, occasionally. He is sure to make a fool of himself, and that makes him easier to manage next time."

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## GENTLE JABS.

He is indeed lost who is lost to shame.

At the age of 21 a man has more ideals than ideas.

Constant companionship wears on friendship.

The true secret of physical beauty is to be born pretty.

Heyday of youth isn't in it with the pay day of manhood.

All girls sing like birds—but there are many kinds of birds.

What a self-made man needs is a wife who can polish the rough edges.

Some people are so eccentric that they even say something when they talk.

A man may build a palace, but it takes a woman to make a home of it.

Babies and pianos would make less noise if grown people would let them alone.

Did you ever see a girl start anywhere without waving good-by to some one?

Too many girls regard marriage as a lark instead of a frantic leap in the dark.

Many a girl who knows that she is too good to wash dishes thinks her mother isn't.

Woman likes to be called a bird until she suddenly remembers that parrots are birds.

This would be a dreary old world if there were no fools in it to make it lively.

Smile and the world smiles with you if you are willing to settle with the bartender.

Never do anything gratis today that some one is likely to pay you to do tomorrow.

Sometimes a man's happiness depends on the size of the bottle he has just emptied.

The more rope a man's wife gives him for Christmas the less he enjoys smoking.

A good woman is usually too good for any man—but fortunately she doesn't know it.

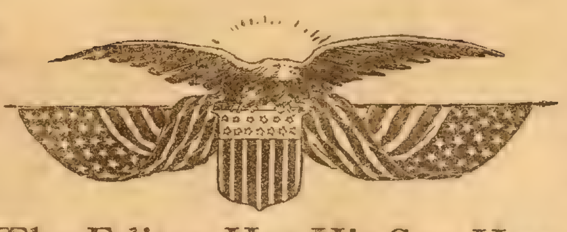
It's awfully hard to generate any respect for a man who wears a lot of rings on his fingers.

A boy's idea of true happiness is to be able to produce the biggest noise on the Fourth of July.

An appropriate present for a girl is anything she can wear; for a boy, anything he can eat.

Fools are not the only ones who get a quick divorce from their money during the holidays.

It is reported that the cost of keeping an elephant is about $1.50 a day. The cost of seeing the elephant sometimes runs up into thousands.



# The Editor Has His Say Here

DID you ever see the play "The Man Who Stood Still," which was the vehicle of a well-known star a few years ago? It was the story of an old shoemaker who had spent all his days at the same job, in the same little cobbling shop and all around him the world came and went and improved and progressed and he never noticed it. The telephone, the telegraph, the automobile, electricity and other things which today we regard as necessities had not impressed themselves upon his mind. Kind friends tried to awaken him, but he slept on, content to lag far behind the rest of the world, caring not that others outstripped him, heedless of the fact that to get along you have to make some effort to keep up with the ever-changing trend of events.

ON THE farm today you will find many men—simple, rugged, honest—who are content to go on in the same way that did their fathers and their grandfathers before them. New methods of farming, scientific ways of making much grain grow where little grew before; soil treatment, spraying, the use of machinery—all mean nothing to them. They sneer at the new ideas, forgetting that what now are the old ideas once were new ideas. So it is in every line of business. Those who have spent years doing a thing a certain way cannot imagine that a better way may possibly exist. No good can come of upsetting the old order of things, they say, and grieve that the methods they learned as boys no longer are regarded as the most up-to-date. It is the man who keeps his eyes and ears open, who seizes new and better ideas, who is not afraid to risk leaving the worn and rutty road, who gets there in the long run.

THE thing that brought this to mind was a letter which we received a day or two ago from a reader who used two sheets of paper and his time trying to tell us that he disliked the Ledger because it was not the same as it was when he first began reading it—many years ago. We didn't mind the letter in the least because we are used to such letters. Those who write in a spirit of helpful criticism are always welcome. Those who believe criticism consists of abusing the editor personally have failed if they think they can get under his hide by writing him a nasty letter. Specially is this true of the writer above because he proved himself a moral coward by not signing his name, because down in his heart he feared what might happen to him if he revealed his identity. He didn't want a reply. But getting back to what he had to say——

HE WANTED to know why the Ledger runs the kind of stories which it does, demanded that we run only stories by old-time writers for whom he had conceived a liking and declared the Ledger was "punk," from his standpoint. Do you, too, want to know why the stories in the Ledger today are different in many ways from the stories which appeared in other days, even as recently as five years ago? Because the wide-awake, progressive, thinking people demand that the fiction they read keep up with the progress of the world. Would you want to read today of people of bygone ages who dressed, spoke, thought, acted and reasoned differently from the way you do now? Would a story in which a hero said, "Odds, gazooks," "By mine halidom," etc., and rode upon a gayly caparisoned palfrey take the place of a story of a hero who spoke English much as you do and used an automobile to take him about his affairs? Would you rather read about princesses who sat around day in and day out looking out of barred windows of castles, weeping and sighing for armor-clad knights to come along, slay a few dozen roughnecks and carry them away to live happily ever after? Or would you prefer the story of a girl of today—spirited, a worker, independent and real flesh and blood as you know girls?

IT IS because we believe that you prefer stories of today that the Ledger does not run the old kind of stories. The Ledger does not want to be known as the paper that stood still when other papers were progressing. Occasionally we do run an old-time story by an old-time writer in an effort to please those of our faithful readers who still like that kind of fiction, but are progressive enough to care for the new as well. But the writers who once wrote for the Ledger no longer turn their efforts to the old kind of fiction. They are not men or women who stand still. By the very nature of their occupation they have to keep in touch with the world's progress and this progress influences their stories, or they drop out of the running and turn to some other kind of work.

A WOMAN reader recently took us to task for publishing a story from which she held away her skirts in prudish horror. She declared she would not read such a story because she did not believe in permitting human passion to creep into literature of any sort; that she feared for the effect upon people who read such stories. In answer to a letter from the editor she admitted that she might not have kept up with the things about which people think and talk nowadays; that, among other things, she does not mention a person's leg without referring to it as a limb and being rather embarrassed even then. "Am I a prude and a Puritan and behind the times?" she asked. Undoubtedly she sized herself up rightly, because the war has changed the whole trend of thought among all nations; its greatness so far overshadows all other things on this earth that the average person does not find time to quibble over the petty question whether a man or woman's nether extremities are legs or limbs. Our grandmothers swathed themselves in heavy folds of cloth to hide every portion of their shape except that of their faces and hands. Their granddaughters go to the other extreme and no one thinks anything about it. We are growing more and more liberal in our actions; we do not hedge ourselves about with so many conventions; we frankly and openly discuss things that once were taboo in polite circles. We do not think the world is any the worse for it.

SO IT is with our literature. We are more open and free with what we publish, in either fiction or fact. No sane publisher or editor is going to offer his readers stories calculated to shatter the walls of morality or to lead astray any person or to mold the thoughts of youth in the wrong cast, but no sane editor or publisher is going to ignore the fact that publications of all kinds must keep up with the public thought or quietly pass out with no one to mourn.

ANYHOW, we are glad both of these writers took it upon themselves to write us letters of criticism, whether they were just or unjust in what they said. So many kind and praising letters come in to the Ledger's editor that if some one didn't try to "take a fall" out of him once in a while he might grow conceited and think that he was the real arbiter of what his readers must read and not the readers themselves.

THE editor grew so interested in expressing himself on the above that he almost forgot to mention what is coming next week. Featured will be the opening of a three-part story called "The Thirteenth Opal." It is a clever tale of jewel thieves, mystery and adventure. Among the short stories we wish to call attention to "Manacled Might," a powerful long short story of real people, of a villain and a hero and a mighty sweet girl. "In the Were-Wolf's Claws," one of the serials now running, will come to a close and the next to the last installment of "The Quarterbreed" will bring you close to the end of the story. In another week or two we will be able to tell you just what are our plans for the fall and winter. In the meantime if you have any suggestions, send them in. Your letter might be the one which decided whether the Ledger was to be made to suit you even better than it does now.

The Editor.

* * *

## Model Men.

"I HEARD it was your birthday, so I brought you these flowers," said the bookkeeper to the wife of the boss.

"Why, who told you such a thing as that?"

"No one told me anything like that," explained the bookkeeper. "It was as follows: The Red Cross bunch out my way is selling flowers today. My little girl is selling them. They are mostly my flowers out of my flower garden that my little girl has carried up to the bazaar. I felt that I should go and buy some of my flowers from my little girl, wihch was all right and proper, but when it came to carting these flowers back home again, there's where I drew the line. That's why I would like to present this bouquet to you.

"They didn't sell very many flowers. I knew they wouldn't, and I didn't want Susie to sell flowers anyway. But I didn't say anything. They wanted to do it and there's no use throwing cold water on an enterprise like that. Nor would it stop them if I expressed disapproval, while they may feel better because of thinking that I indorsed the idea. I don't want my family to feel that I am not with them in everything."

"What's your idea in passing out such stuff as that?" asked the chief clerk.

"Well," responded the unabashed bookkeeper, "it's the right kind of stuff to pass out. Somebody might believe it, and if anybody does it may do a lot of good. A man who believes tales of forbearance and mildness will be sure to imitate them as best he can, whereas if he hears somebody else brag about his tyrannical control over his family he may strive to imitate that attitude and wind up in a lot of trouble."

"You are wrong again!" scoffed the chief clerk. "No one ever believes anything a man says about the wonderful control he has over his family nor anything he says about his own wonderful mildness and forbearance, so there cannot possibly be any effect whatever.

"But even if anybody did believe these tales it wouldn't do any good. There is nothing so discouraging to the ordinary human being as the contemplation of impossible virtue—virtue which he knows is unattainable for him. After hearing what a sweet, mild man you are I realize that I could never approach such a wonderful state of perfection and haven't the heart to try. So, instead of going home and dutifully listening to my wife's cousin Lavinia sing, I am going to 'phone home that I have to stay uptown and work, leaving it to my poor wife's ears to absorb the long, loud noises that Cousin Lavinia releases."

* * *

## Some Job for Jock.

JOCK MACKAY, an old Scotch farmer was being interviewed by a government official, who was telling him what he must do in the event of a German invasion on that section of the coast of Scotland

The old fellow drank in every word the official said and was visibly affected by the interview. "Ah, hae I reely tae dae this wi' a' ma beasties if the Germans come?" he questioned gravely.

Upon being informed that such was the law, that "all livestock of every description must be branded and driven inland," Jock feelingly replied: "Weel, I'm thinking I'll hae an awfu' job wi' ma bees."—Puck

* * *

## Thoughtful Mother.

THE little maid of all work came to fetch Baby John, as it was his bedtime.

"Oh, let me peep at him in bed!" gushed Mrs. Sweet.

A few minutes later she was taken up to see little John between the sheets.

"Gracious! Why do you have such a high bed for your little boy?" she gasped.

"So we can hear him if he falls out. You have no idea what heavy sleepers my husband and I are," said his mother

* * *

## Just Like a Man.

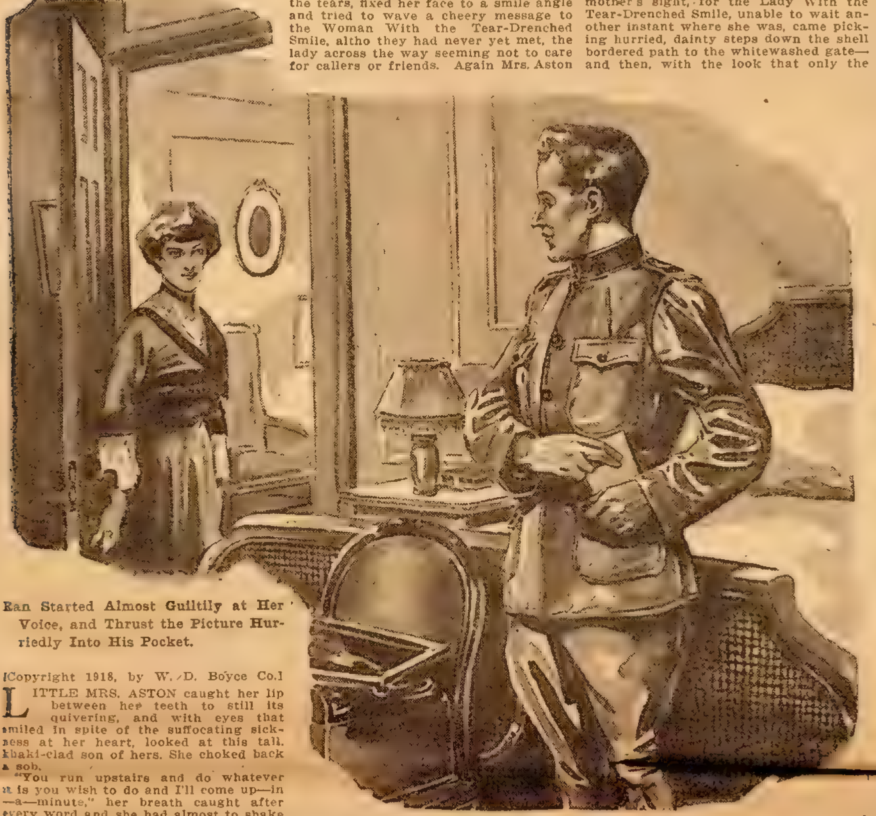
TWO bankers were talking about a financier who had failed

"And did poor Joe accept his failure like a man?" asked the first.

"Exactly like a man," the second answered. "He blamed it on his extravagant wife."

# TWO MOTHERS

By Lotta Adele Gannett



Ran Started Almost Guiltily at Her Voice, and Thrust the Picture Hurriedly Into His Pocket.

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LITTLE MRS. ASTON caught her lip between her teeth to still its quivering, and with eyes that smiled in spite of the suffocating sickness at her heart, looked at this tall, khaki-clad son of hers. She choked back a sob.

"You run upstairs and do whatever it is you wish to do and I'll come up—in—a—minute," her breath caught after every word and she had almost to shake the words out of her mouth.

The tall youth understood. Little mother wanted a few minutes to compose herself for this, their first parting; and so whistling a gay tune that went flat every little bit, whistling much as small boys do in the dark, to keep up their courage, he ran up the stairs.

Left alone little Mrs. Aston went to the front window and pulled aside the lace curtain. It was a lovely street in a lovely old village. How happy she had been with her husband and son and their neighbors, who, with one exception, were all old friends. And now how dull it all seemed. The light of the universe seemed to be dimmed—for Randall, her dearly loved son, was going overseas.

"Oh, Lord," she prayed, "not that I don't want him to go, not that I begrudge him to his country, but Oh, it is so hard to see him pass out to—what? My great, fine boy who has never given me a moment's uneasiness since his birth."

Then she sat at the window and fell into a reverie that went back to the day they had placed a tiny red-faced bundle in her arms, and on thru his school days—days when he came with hat on the back of his head, books slung over shoulder, to the day he had come to her and told her he was going to enlist. How proud she had been of him at every stage! Never had a mother so much to be proud of——

And now—it just seemed as if she couldn't be strong! As if she must at this last minute throw her arms about his neck and bid him stay. What use to say how many out of each hundred came back, when a mother's heart dies every minute at the thought of her dear one out there facing a foe that knows no decency.

The little woman across the street, the only one in the entire village who was new to it, and whom, from her sad gentle way, little Mrs. Aston had named the Lady With the Tear-Drenched Smile, came to the door, looked toward the tiny station, and then went back in the house again. Little Mrs. Aston's heart throbbed wildly against her frail body.

"She's expecting her son home today," she thought. "Mine goes to what? Hers comes from some great mission. To have a son coming home today," Mrs. Aston's lips trembled like fluted silk in a strong breeze, "would be the happiest thing that could happen to any mother. How anxious she is!" Mrs. Aston thought as the little woman across the street came to the door again and looked toward the station. So, Mrs. Aston brushed away the tears, fixed her face to a smile angle and tried to wave a cheery message to the Woman With the Tear-Drenched Smile, altho they had never yet met, the lady across the way seeming not to care for callers or friends. Again Mrs. Aston controlled her quivering lips and smiled in sympathey with the happy mother across the way who was today welcoming home a son. But it seemed that the lady across the way could not see little Mrs. Aston's greeting; at any rate, she drew back quickly and hurried in and shut the door. Mrs. Wayburn, who always knew everything in the village, had told Mrs. Aston that the Lady With the Tear-Drenched Smile was expecting her son from some great mysterious trip, and Mrs. Aston was sure she knew just how that mother felt. Again the lady across the way came to the door, and Mrs. Aston unable longer to witness the joyful anticipation of the other went quietly up the stairs.

"Can—can—I help you, son?" she began bravely enough, but the words died to a whisper ere they were uttered, for her boy was in the act of wrapping a small picture of herself in tissue paper. It all seemed so final. She turned toward the stairs again.

"I guess I'll wait down stairs," she faltered, "unless I can—do—something——"

Ran started almost guiltily at her voice and thrust the picture hurriedly in his pocket. "Run along and wait downstairs," he advised. "There isn't a thing for you to do now." He threw his arm across her shoulder and walked to the stairs with her, and little Mrs. Aston by a heroic effort kept every vestige of the tremble that was shaking her whole body, out of the shoulder on which her son's arm lay.

She smiled up at him as he looked down the stairs after her, and went back to her seat at the window.

The sobs shook her small body, tears that she fought bravely poured down her delicate face. And burying her face in her hands she rocked back and forth, crying silently.

"I must stop this," she told herself. "I must—I must—I must—get my face straight before Ran comes down. I must—I must—I must—!" she told herself over and over again as if by the very command, to force the condition. The dull whistle of the slowing train smote thru her grief, and she raised her head and looked thru tearful eyes at the house across the way.

Yes, there was the little mother over there—waiting, watching, quivering in her eagerness. Mrs. Aston saw her lean out so she could see the instant her dear one started from the station, and even in her own misery she found it possible to be glad in the other's joy.

Altho her back was that way, Mrs. Aston knew the instant the son of the lady across the way appeared to his mother's sight, for the Lady With the Tear-Drenched Smile, unable to wait another instant where she was, came picking hurried, dainty steps down the shell bordered path to the whitewashed gate—and then, with the look that only the mother of a returning son can wear, she stood and waited!

Mrs. Aston leaned forward and looked with straining eyes, and then she fell back, her eyes wide, her breath coming in short little gasps.

Down the village street came a person that should have been a boy, but who looked like an old and bent man. His clothes, a cheap suit of dull gray fitted his thin form loosely, his shoes, heavy and thick, shrieked that they were the shoes of charity, and even to the uninitiated the pallor on the face of the boy-man across the way told its story. A wrong atoned for by the loss of liberty—a son home from——

"Oh!" Little Mrs. Aston quivered as tho from a chill and her eyes sought the lady across the street, who had just now melted into the arms of her son. No matter what had gone before she still loved her son. "Oh, you poor, dear, suffering woman!" she thought, "if I could only help."

Her boy, her handsome, ruddy boy in the most honorable uniform a man can wear, came down the stairs. His step was brisk, his manner exceedingly cheerful, quite as one who feels he must be doubly cheerful to help another who has not quite as much cheer of her own.

"Mother!" he spoke softly and Mrs. Aston rose and took one quick step to his side.

"Son!" she cried and in her voice was the music of love and pride. "Son, I'm the happiest woman in the world today. Your mother bids you go. Good luck and God speed you back and take care of you while you are gone! I'm glad, glad, glad to the depth of my being that you are going—and that you are my son!"

And Randall, looking into his mother's radiant face, gazing into her shining eyes spoke quietly, softly as one who is almost too full for utterance.

"I knew you'd get to feel that way, because, well, because you are you, and I know my mother's heart!"

* * *

## One Missing.

THE mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respected lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes, dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

## The New Member.

"WHY, how do you do? I'm so glad to see you!" the hostess said cordially. "The ladies said we should have a new member at the club today, but I wasn't there last meeting and so I didn't have the pleasure of meeting you. Let me take your coat. I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, but you know we don't usually meet before 2 and it isn't quite 1:30, is it? It's no matter, of course, for you being a new member wouldn't be apt to know just when we did begin, would you? Anyhow, I'm ever so glad to see you!"

"It happens that my topic is not——" The other woman go no farther.

"Oh, you're not expected to have a topic when you're new. We let you get acquainted with our ways first and then we assign topics. Today mine is 'The Wives of Henry VIII.' and you've no idea how interesting it is. Did you know he had six wives? Think of it! I suppose I did know, but you see one forgets so easily in these days. We started this club because we found we knew so little about history, especially Russia, and so we began back in the middle ages to study things.

"It goes rather slow and I have estimated that we'll get to the present time in about two years. It gets very interesting, tho, and we're getting to know a lot about kings and things like that. You see, there's so much in the papers about the different kings and you feel sort of strange when you read about them unless you know Henry VIII. and his son George. Let me see, was his son George?

"I've forgotten, I fear, but I've written it all down and I find it makes one so much more intelligent just to know about it all. You'll enjoy it!"

"I should like," said the caller, "to get you as interested in——"

"Don't suggest anything new, please. I've played bridge without end, danced all the new things and worked for the Belgians, so I don't feel like taking up anything else just now. Of course, bridge isn't new, but the other things are. I know you're going to enjoy our little club. There are a number of very brilliant people in it, especially Mrs. Dunbar. I suppose you know her. Everybody does, she's so popular. Her papers are fine. Full of unusual words, you know, and she can quote French and all that. At one of the meetings she talked so well about the great writers of the times, like the Cabots, you know. I've forgotten all she did say, but she spoke of Columbus and some of the other gentlemen who came over here and started settlements. It must have done the Indians a lot of good, you know; like Hull House today. Aren't you interested in the uplift movement?"

"Of course, but just now I am representing a——"

"Oh, well, as I said before," the hostess went on tactfully, "one can't be in everything. I've often thought of it when I've joined anything new. The thing I stay out of is always being boomed with pictures in the papers and all that, but if I join anything it's sure to be one of these things that take pride in being quiet and inconspicuous. I think that's all nonsense, don't you? Everybody likes to belong to a thing that other people have heard about, so that they'll say, 'Oh, yes, I know,' when you speak of it, especially if it meets at a fine hotel. It's like the place where you live, don't you know! You don't want people to say, 'Just where is that?' when you tell your address. That's what we thought when we came here. It's a little noisy and dusty, but you don't have to explain that it's near anything. Everybody knows. Of course, it's a nice apartment. It looks as if we paid $200 for it at least, but we don't, not quite. One has to pay so much for everything nowadays. Absolutely nothing is cheap any more."

"I could very confidently——" began the other woman.

"Oh, you brought your sewing, didn't you? I'm so glad you did, because I want to finish some cross-stitch work I have on hand and I am so anxious to finish. What are you working on?"

"I represent a photographer whom you all know," the caller said hurriedly. "He is offering a line of excellent photographs for almost nothing. I am canvassing the neighborhood——"

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed the hostess as she closed the door after the hasty departure of her caller. "That comes of people dressing so plainly at these meetings. I'm going to introduce a resolution in favor of dressing up after this."

* * *

## Going for a Doctor.

AN IRISHMAN, employed in a large factory, had taken a day off without permission, and seemed likely to lose his job in consequence. When asked by his foreman the next day why he had not turned up the day before he replied:

"I was so ill, sir, that I could not come to work to save my life."

"How was it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman.

Pat was slightly taken aback, then regaining his presence of mind, replied:

"Sure, sir, that must have been when I was going for the doctor."

# Your Kitchen in War Time

## Getting Acquainted With the Lentil

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

OF COURSE, some of us know the lentil quite well; we have used it to make soup, and have employed it with sausage, but there are a great many American housewives who know little or nothing about this member of the bean and pea family.

The lentil is one of the oldest food plants, and has been grown in southern Europe and in Asia since the earliest times, but because it furnishes less brush than peas and beans Europe has never grown enough for its entire supply, and has had to go to Egypt for the rest of what it needs.

In this country the lentil is scarcely known. However, since a good portion of our population has been coming in from southern Europe, the lentil is taking its place on the American menu. And every housewife that has used it knows its value as a simple, nourishing vegetable.

Of course, since lentils are not grown in this country, our entire supply has had to come from abroad, and since the supply has been cut off the price has doubled. But in spite of the advance in price, the lentil is cheap, since it furnishes one with a greater amount of protein food (energy builder) than any other kind of vegetable. Lentils contain about 25 per cent protein, more than 50 per cent of starch and a little more than 2 per cent of fat.

Since we know lentils only in their dried or canned state, it is first necessary to soak them over night and then cook them until tender. There are a few new recipes for preparing lentils given below. They will lend novelty to your meals.

LENTIL LOAF—One-half cup dried lentils, one-third to one-half cup soft wheatless bread crumbs, two tablespoons melted butter or other fat, one egg, one onion grated, one pimento chopped, one teaspoon salt, mace, dash of cayenne. Press thru a sieve to remove skins. Cook onion in melted butter, add to lentil puree together with pimento, bread crumbs and seasonings. Mix in well beaten egg. Bake in bread pan in a loaf about thirty minutes in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with oil or butter. Serve with tomato sauce.

LENTIL SALAD (with canned lentils)—Place the lentils in the center of a large flat dish, surround with head lettuce, on which the quartered tomatoes and sliced beets are placed, and just before serving pour French dressing over all. Onions, cucumbers and other vegetables and hard boiled eggs may also be used if desired.

### Fruit Sandwiches.

PREPARE a large and attractive plate by placing a large paper doily over the bottom. Fold two other lace paper doilies so as to make a divider for the plate, which will separate it into four quarters, or sections. Fasten the angles of the dividers with a small bow of scarlet ribbon.

Cut slices of twenty-four-hour-old sandwich bread into ¼ inch slices. Spread lightly with creamed butter. Make a filling of equal parts of stewed mashed figs and orange marmalade. Add to each cupful of this mixture two dozen chopped, canned tart cherries. Press sandwiches together and cut with a fancy cutter. Drain a dozen of the tart cherries, or use preserved cherries.

Decorate each pile of sandwiches with a couple of these and lay four around the plate to give a touch of color. These sandwiches are delicious made with "war breads."

❧

### Practical Thrift.

BARLEY gems are made with 2 cups barley flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, 1 egg, 1 cupful milk and a little vegetable fat. The raising is 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

The most convenient and cheapest of disinfectants to use in the cellar is quicklime. It may be placed in dishes, in bins or cupboards, or scattered loose in dark, damp corners.

To make a small portion of mayonnaise dressing go a long way, add it by the teaspoonful to the [illegible] white of an egg and continue to beat it until all the dressing has been used. Eight teaspoonfuls and the white of one egg will make enough dressing for chicken salad to serve six persons.

❧

### Avoid a Hot Kitchen.

TO CONSERVE heat in the kitchen prepare vegetables in the evening and let them boil with the same fire that cooks breakfast. Pies usually are baked at this time. Then other things are prepared and cooked with the noon fire that bakes the cornbread, unless there is meat or chicken to boil or roast, which requires long cooking, but with these add 3 tablespoons of vinegar and it gets tender much quicker, and the taste of vinegar is never detected.

❧

### Cooking Green Beans.

THIS is the quickest and best way to cook green beans: Have ready a kettle with hot butter (or other fat) for frying. Wash the beans and fry for 10 or 15 minutes, stirring frequently, then add hot water, and cook till tender, which will be about half the time that the usual way requires.

❧

### Curried Lentils.

SOAK ½ pound split lentils over night. Slice 3 medium-sized onions rather thin, and fry them in 2 tablespoons of butter and 1 tablespoon of curry powder till a nice brown. Add the lentils, cover pan closely and cook gently till lentils are soft but not mashed. If lentils seem dry a little gravy or water may be added.

❧

### Milk-fried Eggs.

USE sufficient milk to cover bottom of pan, add butter and warm slightly. Break the eggs (same as for frying) and allow them to fry slowly. Serve on toast, using the milk to pour over, softening the toast. A suitable dish for invalids, as this way of frying keeps the white of egg soft and digestible.

❧

### Green Pepper and Potato Salad.

CHOP four baked potatoes and one Spanish onion very fine. Slice one green pepper so that it makes large rings. Place on lettuce leaves. Fill the rings with the baked potatoes and onions, heap mayonnaise dressing on top of each ring and serve.

❧

### Flour Saves Juice.

IF YOU have to pound meat to make it tender, pound a little flour into it. This saves the juice.

# The Girl on the Beach.

(Continued From Page 4.)

talking to Jimmy Reese, the camera man. Far out on the dancing waves, straight in the rosy path of light from the rising sun, bobbed a little boat.

"I—I'm so sorry!" panted Evelyn. "But——"

"Lie down on that punt!" snapped Walton savagely. "Head on your hands . . . feet crossed . . . pull your hair round on this side! Sun's almost up. It will hustle De Lancy to make it in shore before this light's gone. We haven't any time to try it over, either. Didn't I tell you to be on time? Hey, De Lancy! . . . He can't hear me! Wave your hand at him, Jimmy! Now, eyes half shut, Miss Stanley—pleasant dream stuff. Where's that patch on your skirt? Pull it out where it will show. Register shy delight, you're remembering! There's a cut-in of you and the villain meeting last night. Don't look toward the water. Your lover takes you unawares. . . . All right, Jimmy. . . . You'll have to hold it just like that, Miss Stanley, till De Lancy can beach. Hurry, De Lancy! Push the boat up on the sands! . . . Never mind—let 'er go! Let 'er go, I say—somebody'll get 'er! Sun's nearly up. Register surprise and joy, De Lancy! Steal up on her—slower! Passionate adoration—good, good! Now come ahead—easy! . . . Put your hand over her eyes! Spring up, Miss Stanley . . . hold her, De Lancy . . . playful struggle . . . now let her loose! She sees it's you—disappointment—she's been thinking of the villain . . . hey, that ain't right!"

But his voice was unheeded, for Evelyn and De Lancy were staring into each other's eyes, oblivious of the world about them.

"You?" he cried. "He didn't tell me . . . he only said get you if I could . . . and then you ran away——"

"He said——" Evelyn lifted her hands to her throat.

"Walton! I telegraphed him to come down and see you! You were such a peach for the part——"

"I say, folks," broke in the director piteously, "wait on the explanations, please! This light——"

"But you—you're just a boy. What—how—your hair!"

"Shoe-polish! It won't come off even in salt water. . . . Oh, girl, you ran away and I have been looking for you everywhere."

[illegible]ou ran away! You told me you loved me . . . and then you——"

"It was because I dared not stay! You were such a little girl, so young and sweet and adorable! And I," his voice broke with bitterness, "I was De Lancy, the Matinee Movie Idol, and I was 31!"

Evelyn took a stumbling step forward and lifted her arms.

"And I," she cried, with a laugh which ended in a sob of joy, "am Evelyn Stanley, the Film Fans' Favorite, and I am 27!"

"Quick, Jimmy—camera!" exclaimed Walton excitedly. "Take that and we'll tack it onto the end. It's great stuff! I say, run up on 'em and get that clinch in a 'close-up.' They'll never give us another half so good!"

❧ ❧ ❧

### Up to Date Wooing.

THEY were shortly to be married, and now they were sitting in the study, meditating on the blissfulness of futurity.

"Algy," said the young lady, suddenly, "every morn you send me violets which at even you have culled, don't you?"

"I do," responded the ever faithful, "let the cost be what it may."

"You darling!"

A long pause for osculatory operations.

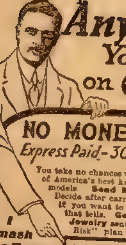
"But I should like to suggest," murmured the sweet young thing, "that some mornings you might send up a pound of mutton chops or a couple of best loaves. It wouldn't cost you half so much, but it would make a splendid hit with the old folks in these increased cost of living times."

❧ ❧ ❧

### The Army Needed Multiplication.

ONE of the men in an officers' training corps was poring over a manual of instruction for officers. He was trying to memorize the proper units and equipment called for in a division of the Army. He studied until his head ached and then laid aside the volume in disgust.

"I don't see what the Army needs with this division business, anyhow," he grumbled. "What it needs is multiplication and addition!"



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# The Call of Love

Continued From Page 8

each other ever since we was little. I'm so used to him, I don't know; he thinks he knows, but I don't. I reckon, tho, I like him." She spoke hesitatingly, yet with obvious honesty.

"One thing I'm sure of," he laughed, "you are not a flirt."

"Mebbe I'd like t' be, but I don't know how."

"Don't ever learn."

"You said Pap told you t' teach me things."

"Not that."

"To'ards the right," came her voice, throaty with smothered laughter. "The branch comes in the lake at the bend, there, right 'mong them crab-trees."

He sent the boat's prow into the grassy bank with all his remaining strength and stepped out. His head was swimming, but he extended his hand to her. She touched his hand with her fingers, but leaped out and ran laughing in among the crab-trees, calling back: "Yes, it looks like lye; it's too thin for honey!"

He went where she was and together they bent over the little stream, gazing. "Hurrah!" he panted. "It's yellow, the golden wine-water of the forest!" He crouched down low, and forming a bowl of his joined hands, dipped up some of the water and drank it. "Cool but not cold; tastes exactly like—water!" he spluttered, glancing up at her.

"It looks more like medicine," she laughed.

"Oh, I don't know; it don't look so bad." He leaned over and plowed his hot hands thru the brownish fluid. "Feels as if it were strong and had real body to it. Say, I bet it would put zip in a fellow to bathe in it regular! Let's go up the stream and see what we find."

She made no reply, and as he arose, he lifted his nose toward the crab blossoms, sniffing the pungent perfume with dilated nostrils. "Spicewood and violets, with a hint of roses!" he exclaimed. For reply, the girl swept a lot of the flowering twigs together in her arms and pressed her face among them, her bosom swelling with long-drawn inhalations.

They turned and started upstream, breaking their way thru tall weeds and bramble, and presently entered a grassy opening. Here a massive swamp elm, undermined by the stream, lay prone, its tangle of earth-encrusted roots exposed and damming the stream. Beyond the fallen elm, the obstructed stream had plowed at high water a wide and deep excavation, in which the stream turned slowly in long golden [illegible] was much like an' enormous [illegible], crystalline to the bottom, and they stood for a little time looking at it.

"Something about this water makes me think of your eyes," he said, turning and looking at her. "It's the amber in the pupils, I see." She flushed a deeper rose. "Never mind," he went on hastily, "I'm not trying to flatter you. I'd be a dog to do that. Something about things out here makes one naturally open and honest, it seems to me. In many ways you are the handsomest woman I ever saw. I have the right to say that once, at least, if I say it honestly—haven't I?" He spoke soberly.

"I reckon so." Her eyes fluttered and the corners of her red mouth lifted in soft laughter. "Anyhow, I like to hear you say it." She pulled up some long spears of swamp-grass and seating herself, began to plait them together. He threw himself down near her and silently watched the slowly coiling whorls of golden water. He tried to fancy himself in Chicago, but the clamor of the stock pit and the roar of the loop district seemed very far away.

"It's funny, but seems like I've knowed you a long time," came her voice.

He roused himself. "Yes, I feel the same way about you. It is funny. Say, I'm coming over here every morning and take a plunge in this hole. It ought to do me good."

She laughed again. "I reckon it might, but don't drink it; you might get the ager or malaria."

"All right; I guess your advice is good. Say, that big pile of driftwood, across the pool, looks like a rick of dry bones, don't it? Some evening we will row over here and set it on fire. It would make one first-class bonfire, wouldn't it now?"

"'Twould, sure." She was silent a few moments, hesitating. "When do you count on to begin teachin' me?"

"Well, that's so! I ought to be attending to my job. Oh, pshaw! I can't talk about city life or books or Europe, or things of that sort! I don't know anything about them today!" He got to his feet and looked at his watch. "Why, it's long after noon! What will your folks say?"

She arose. "If y'r hungry, we ought to go." She regarded him inquiringly.

"Oh, let's be a couple of kids and play hookey! Let's go farther up the stream!"

She shook her head. "Not this time. I'll tell you what t' do! we'll gether a lot of things an' hev a picnic here. We'll picnic on sprouts!"

He blinked uncomprehendingly. "Oh, yes, I know," he broke out. "I haven't eaten anything like that for twenty years! Come on!"

Laughing and rosy, she went with him, and after searching about for a time, they returned, each with an armful of wild raspberry, blackberry and grape shoots. Some of these they peeled, and with great pretense of enjoyment, munched the succulent pith. By times their eyes met and they laughed giddily.

In whatever time or place they might have met, doubtless each would have found the other in some degree alluring. Now, close to nature and moved upon by the mysterious all-pervading creative spirit, they saw each other as thru an atmosphere of beautifying light. Such charms as she possessed, and they were many, in actual fact increased, while the worn and jaded look died out of Marsh's face. As they went back toward the boat he began to sing with the abandon of an intoxicated troubadour, while she broke away from his side and ran and leaped into the little craft and possessed herself of the oars, laughing immoderately. When he was seated in the stern she turned the boat and sent it outward with long, easy strokes, her bared head a-glimmer in the sunshine, her eyes lustrous, her splendid body swaying to and fro. He watched her with undisguised admiration. When they reached the cedar house it was nearly sunset, and each was carrying an armful of flowers

That was the first of many rambles, the searching for golden brooks, long hours of fishing in the lake, the climbing of mountainous hills—a man and a woman roaming a wild paradise. Marsh had a small tent brought out from Thermal and pitched it in the big orchard not far from the spring. It covered him at night, and he began to sleep like a boy and eat like a young ostrich. Every day with the break of dawn he hurried down into the lowlands, rowed across the lake and plunged in the cool waters of the golden pool. His hands ceased trembling; the purple rings faded from about his eyes; he stepped solidly and began to lean back when he walked. Buckthorn took stock of him by times, searching him critically with his one green eye, for the most part approvingly. Judith, too, now and again felt herself pierced by that eye questioningly, and once in reply laid her hand on the giant father's arm and said, "Don't be afeered, Pap; he treats me square." As for Mrs. Buckthorn, she mothered every creature that came in her way.

But on the third evening after the arrival of Marsh the towering figure of Gideon Peevey came in at the Buckthorn gate, and that which was lyric inevitably became epic. Swinging gorilla-like arms, he came with long, slow steps, bearing a smallish head on the hulking shoulders of a Hercules. There was a cruel look about his mouth and sharp nose, but his small hazel eyes were alive with health and bantering fun. Primarily he was an extraordinary fighting animal, secondarily a lover of anything at which one might laugh. That he could throw down unruly horses and nail the iron shoes on them seemed not beyond him.

Marsh looked upon him with a thrill, half admiration, half fear, and a prescient inner sense of battles to come. Tho conscious of instinctive recoil from the hateful things rising before him, he felt his heartstrings tighten and his whole nature stiffen with purpose. For John Marsh, even so early as upon this third day of his life among the Big Hills, had begun to plan and dream, and Judith and a vast apple orchard were the heart and fabric of the dream. It had never been his nature to conceive of an ultimate small accomplishment for himself. Even the simplicity and naturalness toward which he felt himself irresistibly turning grew large in his vision.

A thousand acres of this land, five hundred acres of orchard, and broad meadows with herds of quiet cattle; then a house, big but very simple; and Judith, the superb, with some big, natural boys and girls. Something like that had begun to gather and float in his mind. He looked at Peevey, a daunting shape blocking the way. He had fought men with millions in seeking financial dominance—his old dream; would he retreat before this single figure, powerful tho it looked to be? He did not know; nothing was yet definite, except that curious stiffening and tightening of the cords and fiber of him.

As for Gideon Peevey, the truth of the situation dawned only slowly in his mind. That the city man, entering the field from an entirely different plane of life, could be his rival, at first seemed impossible. He doubted and watched, but finally began to breed the sullen inner fury of the jealous. At the end of a week, he waylaid Marsh and fiercely bade him quit the country. Marsh whitened, but looked the menacing hillman squarely in the face and refused.

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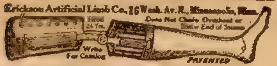

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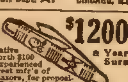

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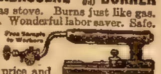

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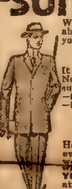

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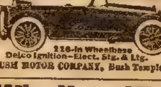

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you are, Mr. Peevey," he said "I like it here. I shall stay."

Later, Judith and Marsh sat one afternoon under a basswood on a hillside, looking down upon the great valley. Marsh told her of his dream. For a little space she was as a part of the quivering heat, the racing silver, the humming bees—a thing of ecstasy. Then she was a frightened, troubled woman.

"But," she said, looking out with clouded eyes, "you'll hev to whip Gideon—mebbe you'll hev to kill him."

Marsh's nervous fingers gripped together. "I'll do one or the other—if I have to."

She looked at him. "You can't do the first. You can't never," she said. "An' the other—you musn't do that. I couldn't never live with you then. I like him—some. I've always expected to marry him. But I don't want to now—'less he makes me."

Marsh was silent. "Well, I'll simply take you and go away," he broke out. "No, I don't do business that way. I'm going to live here. I'm going to cover these hillsides with orchards; I'm going to drain these marshes and have droves of cattle in them, and I'm going to have you."

Her eyes were lustrous; then again they clouded. She shook her head slowly. "But—Gideon!" she whispered.

That evening they went down into the valley, rowed across the lake and made their way to the golden pool. They sat for a time watching the day die wonderfully in the water; then as the blue dusk deepened, Marsh set the broad rick of driftwood on fire, and they stood together before the leaping flames as before an altar. Steeped in the half-trance which fire in darkness throws over the spirit, they stood silent, but the light of the flames danced and laughed in their eyes.

Then, like turmoil incarnate, Gideon Peevey came crashing thru the thickets into the radiance of the burning rick. He was hatless, barefooted and clad only in shirt and trousers, and these, dripping water, clung to the great muscles of his figure like glistening ripples. Moisture from his wet hair trickled down his red face and thick neck, and over the ridges of his wide chest where his shirt hung open. His small eyes burned red in the flare.

"I follered yeh and swum the lake t' git t' yeh!" he panted hoarsely. "I've stood enough of this; you an' me is goin' t' settle!"

Judith, her round eyes large with horror of that which was to come, threw herself against Peevey, grasping his arms. "Don't, Gideon! Don't yeh strike him! He's been sick an' he ain't all well yet!" she implored.

The young giant threw her off. "I'm runnin' this thing! You keep outen it! I'll 'tend t' y'r case later!" he snarled.

The hill-girl drew back, twisting her hands together and looking in yearning terror at Marsh. The latter had not yet spoken. He glanced about him, at the reflected flames dabbling the pool with crimson, at the wider starlit pool of purple overhead, at the light dancing against the trees; and for the moment there was fear in his eyes. The task before him daunted him; he shrank from the pain and almost sure defeat that lay in it; but when he looked at Judith's face, fear ended, civilization's veneer slipped from him; he was a primitive fighting animal. With a leap he caught a heavy stick of wood from the burning rick and turned toward Peevey. The billet was blazing at one end; he paused and looked at it, then flung it into the pool, where it sank hissing in a puff of steam. Instantly Peevey sprang at him, but was met halfway by Judith, who clutched him desperately. As she struggled with him and was flung back, Marsh spoke for the first time.

## DISAPPEARANCES

*Gone are all the figures*
*Familiar of yore;*
*The tramp who once journeyed*
*From door unto door,*
*And terrorized housewives*
*Is seen nevermore.*

*The big husky idler*
*Who shunned labor's strife,*
*And let all his living*
*Be made by his wife,*
*Is leading these wartimes*
*The strenuous life.*

*The rich man of leisure*
*Who at work would quail,*
*Is told occupation*
*To get and not fail,*
*For if he won't labor*
*He must go to jail.*

*So fast they are going*
*These men we once saw;*
*Their plight it is sorry,*
*Their deal it is raw,*
*In ruthless clutch of the*
*Compulsory Law.*

"Better keep out of it, Miss Buckthorn. He and I have got to settle it. There's no other way." He was in his shirt-sleeves and was tightening his belt. "If he kills me, take him; it's a law as old as the world."

A bawling, raucous roar burst from Peevey as Judith's hold loosened and he flung himself forward. Marsh met him half way, blind and deaf to all things save the primary impulse to keep his life and beat back the flailing human fury before him. He felt blows that seemed to crash to the bottom of his being; he felt himself beaten down and dashed to the earth; he felt himself upon his feet again, and knew dimly that he was fighting now without any regard for life, only to satisfy the boiling lava that filled his veins.

He had boxed when at college; he had fought now and again before that time, for he was not of milk and water stuff, but he had never opposed aught like this towering embodiment of fury and strength. Was this creature in the physical world as the man with millions in the realms of finance? He did not care; he would win or lose all, and he bored in insanely. He did not consciously see anything about him—the still vault of purple overhead, the tongues of crimson lapping the pool, Judith swaying and writhing as she watched the battle—only a bloody, red-eyed face shifting but ever pushing toward him. Try as he might, he could not beat it back. Then it came closer and closer, and suddenly grew monstrously large; and his brain crashed with noise and pain, and darkness closed upon him.

The young giant walked over to the woman by the fire and put his arm about her. He stood panting and wiping his sleeve across his bloody face and looking down upon her, but she only twisted her fingers together and stared at the silent man lying upon the ground.

"You've killed him, Gideon!" she whispered huskily.

But Marsh stirred and slowly rose to his elbows. He held a hand to his throat and looked toward them and about the place. He swayed dizzily for a moment, then dragged himself to the pool and drank of it and bathed his head and face. He lay still thru a few breaths while they watched him, then got to his feet. He came directly to them and looked Peevey in the eyes. Something daunting and awful looked out of Marsh's battered face.

"You didn't know when you began that you would have to kill me—did you?" came from his swollen lips.

Peevey stared at him. "I—I don't want t' go as fur as that!" he stammered.

"Well, that is your job; you have got that to do if you take this woman!" And Marsh struck again with all the power in his tottering frame.

Peevey gasped and recoiled with the blow; his voice rose in a snarling cry of rage, while Judith reached her hands toward Marsh, her eyes aglow with mingled joy and dread.

"He fights till he dies!" she cried, and clutched at Peevey. "He fights till he dies!"

But Peevey's great fist shot out and Marsh went down. He struggled to his knees but could rise no farther. Peevey lunged forward to crush him, but in that moment the terrible, saving thing came. It flashed out from among the lower logs of the burning rick, oily, coffin-headed, crimson-eyed, its forked tongue flickering before it. Judith's scream stopped Peevey.

"Look! The rattler! The fire has chased it out!" she cried, springing back.

The hideous thing, mad with fright, slid across Peevey's bare feet as it turned, and he leaped as if leaping out of flames. Forty feet away he stopped and looked back, his mouth open, his eyes bulging.

Marsh was trying to get to his feet, blindly groping, vaguely wondering when the next blow would fall, when the serpent came before him. Dimly he saw something turning in a coil within reach of his hand, something yellowish, not unlike the brown wild-water he had come to seek. But to Judith it was a thing vivid as lightning. As it coiled its loathsome body and threw back its awful head to strike, she screamed again and leaped upon it. She seemed to envelop it as her gown sank about it, but when she rose she held it gripped about the neck. With a shuddering cry of disgust and horror she swung it round her like a whiplash and flung it among the leaping flames of the rick. For a moment she watched it writhing and tossing in the fire; then she turned and took Marsh's bleeding head upon her breast. Peevey came back toward them open-mouthed. She looked at him.

"You ken go," she said. "I don't want yeh, never! I've saved his life, an' it's mine, mine! Don't yeh ever come nigh it ner bother it, for it's mine, an' yeh see the kind of things I can do!" And as Peevey slunk away thru the darkness, she pressed her lips to Marsh's bruised face, crooning tenderly.

* * *

### Business First.

THE minister of L—— is one of those quietly humorous characters of whom there are many in the church. He has a deal to contend with in his preaching, and the chief matter he has to combat is sleep.

Many of his hearers begin to doze the minute he starts preaching. The minister arranged with the beadle that in future he should endeavor to waken sleepers from the pulpit.

He managed this successfully for some time, but one Sunday he failed almost entirely in his endeavors to rouse an old woman, a well known innkeeper in the parish. At length, just as he was about to yield, a bright idea struck him.

"I'll waken her this time," he exclaimed.

Striking the side of the pulpit firmly with his clinched fist, he called out: "Anither pint here, Janet!" Whereupon the good old innkeeper started up and replied: "Coming, sir, coming!"

* * *

### No Chance to Sue.

BOBBY was entertaining sister's beau and he said: "Effie told me yesterday that you was born to be a politician."

Why a politician?" asked Mr. Simpkins. "Why does she think that?"

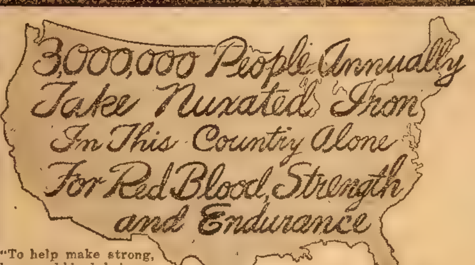
"That's what ma asked her and she said because you can do so much talkin' without committing yourself."

* * *

### For the Company.

DASHING into a grocery, a little boy asked for a half pound of oleomargarine. He was being served and the grocer's man was about to wrap the margarine up in paper when the youngster exclaimed:

"Mother wants to know if you won't stamp a cow on it, because we're having company."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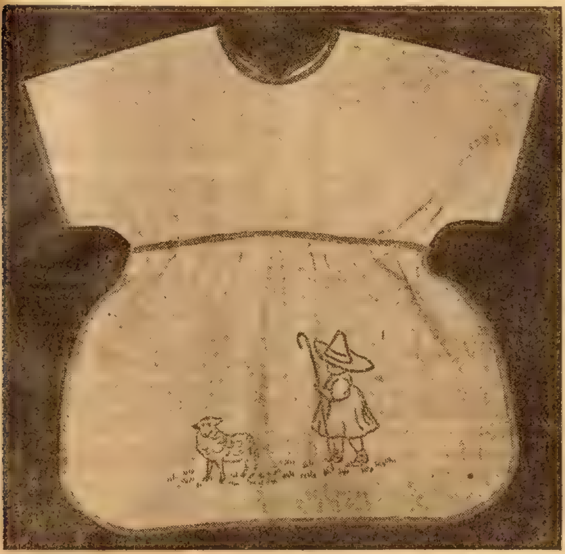
# For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

## Delightful Linen Apron for the Little Girl

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.



IT IS a natural trait for a little girl to want to keep her dress clean, and it is only thru accident or by thoughtlessness that her fresh dress is soiled. This coverall apron will save her many tears and her mother much annoyance and labor. For this little apron for the child from 3 to 6 years old, use 18-inch wide linen or union dish toweling of cream white, of this 27 inches are required; also a quarter of a yard of colored lawn cut on the bias or 3 yards of folded bias lawn bands. The kimono shape can easily be cut without a pattern. Fold your material with 18 inches for the front and 9 inches for the back, cut out the neck and slit down the back to 1½ inches from the waist, making it easy to slip over the head. Shape the underarm and the skirt of the apron as shown in the illustration, bind all the edges with the colored bands.

The pattern for the embroidery should be an illustration of some little rhyme or story familiar to the child. The "Mary had a little lamb" shown on the model is amusing and appropriate. Little girls and boys playing, or animals of any kind will appeal to the child's imagination. The outlining is done in No. 5 Perle mercerized embroidery cotton in outlining stitches. Only one shade is used and it matches the edge; quite deep shades of blue or pink are the most satisfactory in the long run, as this apron is supposed to be laundered often.

The waistline is formed by sewing the band of bias material flat in place and thru this beading run a narrow flat white elastic, drawing it up to fit the child.

This apron is quickly slipped over her best dress while she is waiting for mother to finish her own dressing and it more than takes the place of a bib at meals, for it covers the entire dress. Then again, my young lady would strongly resent the wearing of a baby bib at her advanced age and size. The apron on the other hand is attractive and pleasing to the eye, causing the comment of any stranger and giving her pride in its possession.

Linen colored material can be used, and this will not show soil so quickly, but it is not as attractive to the child. Any other cream colored washable materials one may have about the house, may be used and also the binding may be of some material in plain color, or even plaid or striped bright colors could be used, but the effect must be one of charm for the wearer.

*

### Color Selection.

DON'T choose an article of clothing from a shop window simply because it attracts you without first carefully considering its suitability in relation to your complexion, eyes and general scheme of coloring.

Remembering that some people's eyes and complexions are much easier to deal with than others, and if yours are of the uncommon type, study the various shades and combinations that show them off to the best advantage.

The girl with deep blue eyes looks best in something that faithfully reproduces their exact shade. A touch on hat, dress or neckwear will give a charming effect. Blue is also becoming to most brown-eyed persons.

To carry off yellow successfully one needs good coloring, while, on the contrary, any one with a high color should sternly avoid all shades of mauve, for the simple reason that they have a tendency to make the wearer look common.

Don't forget that white hair and white satin form a delightful combination, and that there is nothing smarter than black or black relieved with just a touch of white; a pair of good pearl earrings will do. Black reduces size, and is becoming to the average woman, no matter what her age or coloring.

*

### Timely Tips.

SAVE all of your worn silk gloves, kid gloves and belts, and pieces of net; they are quite worth their room in the catch-basket.

Cut away the worn parts and seams from the gloves, and use the pieces of kid to paste in the heels of your shoes when the lining is worn out; if the shoe is ripped at the back take a few stitches to draw the sides together before glueing in the piece of kid; always use glue, for it lasts longer than any other adhesive.

The net is very useful in darning stockings, laces, embroideries and silks; it reinforces the thin places and it requires less thread to the darning. Draw the net over the darning mold, then draw on the stocking and darn in the usual manner, cutting away the superfluous net after darning.

*

### Parasol Bag

IF YOU have a handsome parasol beginning to show wear at the center of the top, carefully remove the silk from the frame and cut out a circle five inches in diameter.

From new silk, in a shade to match the predominating color, cut two circles seven inches in diameter, placing pasteboard between these. Fit this into the opening made in the center of the parasol, this forming the bottom of a bag.

At the points of parasol sew rings covered with single crochet stitch. Thru rings draw silk cord, finishing with large tassels and also place tassels at bottom of bag.

This bag is roomy, easily spread open and very beautiful. If silk is thin from wear, a lining can easily be added, using a section of parasol for pattern.

A black parasol lined with bright yellow with black cord and tassels would be very effective. A bunch of yellow silk oranges could be added.

*

### Modish Ideas.

GINGHAM and organdie are one of the odd new combinations.

Tiny bows of silk ribbon give a smart finish to any frock.

Triple collars, like triple cuffs, make a frock distinguished.

Pekin blue is seen among the bolivia cloths for fall coats.

Heavy crepe de chine is recommended for tailored dresses.

Separate coats of wool for fall have fur on the collars only.

Gorgeous linings make the dust wrap into a thing of elegance.

Three-quarter bell sleeves are prominent in satins and crepes.

*

### Cotton Caste.

WITH the increasing scarcity of linens, ginghams and other cotton stuffs have acquired a place of first importance in the summer wardrobe. Simple cotton frocks designed and put together with as much care and skill as if they were of silk have come to represent a more formal type of gown than was the case a few years ago.

*

### Beach Shawls.

BEACH shawls that look as if they were "made in England," tho doubtless they were not, and that look as if they were all wool, tho they may have their quota of substitute filling, are shown in some of the shops.

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* * *

A lace hat trimmed with fur is like ice cream with hot plum pudding sauce.

* * *

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# In the Were-Wolf's Claws

### By Edward B. Waterworth

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## What Has Gone Before in the Story

THE natives of a far-off section of Ontario have been terrorized by some creature which murders human beings during the dark of night. What it is, is hard to tell. Superstition claims it to be the Were-wolf, a half human, half wolfish creature. A quartet of newspaper men are assigned to cover the story. When they, Steve Brady, George Thompson, John Emmett and Eric Swanson, reach the out-of-the-way settlement, they find the inhabitants in a state of panic. A newspaper woman, Nora Westemonde, and her chaperone, Mrs. Lawson, accompany the men to Brandt's home where the apparition was first seen. After reaching the lodge, the party of newspaper workers sets out to explore the country. They visit the Chinamen, who have a farm some distance away from them, but are unable to obtain milk, for which they have come. After night falls the party begins to make merry when there is the thunder of hoofbeats on the road leading to the house, and Morton, the deputy, who had visited them earlier in the day, rides his exhausted horse into the yard, where it falls panting. Morton himself is verging on hysteria. He has seen the Thing, and fear has him in its grip. After Morton becomes more composed, Nora and Mrs. Lawson go upstairs to retire, and the four newspaper men stand guard. Nothing happens, and the next morning when the sheriff comes over, and things are explained to him, he asks the men not to send word of what happened to their papers. They promise this. After dark Thompson starts to take a picture of Nora against the back of the summer-house, when she begins to sob, and declares that something was near her, which snarled. The developed picture shows the horrible Thing creeping up on her, and in order not to frighten her, the picture is destroyed.

The earlier chapters of this story can be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, newsdealers or thru this office. The story began in Number 34, the Ledger, dated August 24.

### CHAPTER VIII.

### SWANSON LOSES HIS NERVE.

"WHAT'S that?" cried Thompson, starting violently. His cry also startled Emmett, whose nerves were clearly unstrung. Then Thompson's face cleared and he gave a sigh of relief.

"An auto," he said. "It's Swanson back again, I'll bet."

And as Emmett extinguished his light Thompson rushed into the front room to find the car purring peacefully before the door and Swanson getting ready to alight, the two huge lamps in front throwing out beams which seemed to defy any denizen of the wilderness to come out and show itself. In one instant the presence of the huge machine seemed to bring them back in touch with civilization, and for a moment, as Swanson alighted and greeted them all cordially, Thompson almost forgot the terror thru which they had been passing. Even Nora, altho by turns shy and nervous, came down from her room and cheered up immediately when she found the new arrival and saw the car before the door. It seemed to connect her again with the world she had left behind.

When Swanson had turned the car about, headed toward the drive and shut off the motor, he joined the party about the hearth, where Brady had stirred up the fire. With the circle once more complete, with the kindly face of Swanson beaming among them and with plenty of arms lying about, Thompson could only think of the presence he had just seen portrayed as a horrid nightmare, obtruding itself now and then, but sometimes dropping from his mind for a moment. Still, a brooding anxiety possessed him that Nora should go to her room and retire, when the men of the party could talk the episode over. He made a careful round of the house, seeing that all the doors and windows were closed, shaking his head over the fact that some windows in the kitchen and dining-room were unshuttered. Anything attempting entrance thru one of those windows could find it readily enough. All thru the time that the women were still downstairs he prowled about the house, sometimes making a circuit of the grounds outside and scowling warningly at Swanson when the latter commenced to joke him about his restlessness. After what seemed an interminable interval, Nora went upstairs again and Mrs. Lawson followed her.

Thompson called Emmett aside. "Shall we tell Bennett?" he asked.

"He showed he was good stuff out there on the lawn," he said. "Yes, I'd tell him."

While the four others sat grouped about the fire, the blaze from the logs lighting up their faces, Thompson told his story. And as he talked he saw the faces of the three who did not know grow graver and graver, and there was an angry oath from all when he told how the Thing in the picture had evidently been planning a murderous attack. Beyond an exclamation or two from the deputy, there was no interruption. And when he finished there was silence. But every man, as he concluded, moved by a common impulse, reached for his weapons and looked to see that they were loaded.

It was Brady who first broke the silence. "It's got to be another night of watch," he said, "but we can't all sit together like you did last night. There's no telling what uncanny power this thing may have. As we've found that it really exists, we might as well believe a few more of the old tales of its power to pass locked doors and so on. We've got to post ourselves in rooms at all parts of the house tonight and keep an eye on the outside. I never was so glad to see the moon before."

Brady had accepted the situation with the imperturbability of the newspaper man, unaccustomed to show surprise at anything. But with the deputy it was different. That he was alarmed and astounded it was easy to see. But it was also evident that he was a man in whom the narrative stirred anger more than fear. After spluttering exclamations of wild astonishment, he settled down into an attitude of angry vindictiveness that such a thing should be.

"And he was crawlin' up on Miss Nora?" he demanded. "Wait till I get within range of him! I'll see how far a bullet will go thru."

Thompson and Brady nodded approvingly. It was Emmett who spoke next, and in a quiet voice.

"If we're to believe all things said about this Thing," he remarked, "you must remember that folk-lore has it that the Were-wolf is impervious to bullets—that is, the ordinary kind. It can only be killed by a silver bullet, dipped in holy water and blessed by the priest."

An exclamation from Swanson drew all attention to him, and the others stared in astonishment. For he was shivering and shaking just as Morton had done the night before. His blue eyes, only recently beaming with kindly friendliness, were now staring and frightened as those of a child. In the red glow of the fire it could be seen that his brow was covered with sweat and that his lips quivered convulsively as he tried to speak. He had sunk limply down into his chair like an unconscious man; one trembling hand hanging over the arm of the chair.

"Why, Eric, what's the matter?" cried Thompson in astonished alarm. Swanson made no reply. His eyes stared unseeingly into the fire, wild with horror.

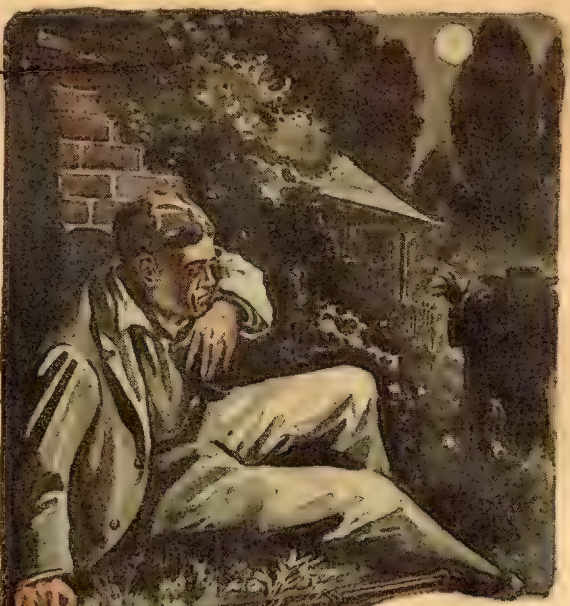
"Eric! Eric! Sit up!" commanded Brady, shaking him by the shoulder. "Sit up! What's the matter? It's a fit of some kind," he cried, turning to the others.

The deputy had rushed forward to help him lift Swanson to a sofa. But as the big countryman bent down to take his legs, so that they might bear him to a couch, Swanson straightened himself and waved them away with a trembling hand.

"So it's true!" he cried in a voice that was a piteous wail. "It's come! It shows how little good it is to live, anyway! Years ago, across the water, they used to frighten me with this Thing. And I would have gone mad with terror if lost in the woods, and at night I used to keep my head buried under the clothes when it was dark and shiver myself to sleep! And when I came to this country I laughed at the tales the old folks told and wondered how any one could believe them! And now it's true!"

Brady stared at him in astonishment. Could this be Swanson, on whose strength, on whose kindly disposition, they had learned to rely so much?

"Eric!" he cried, "don't let it effect you that way. Just think, man, how we need you. We may have a fight on our hands."



Down the Shaded Grove Came, Stealthily Creeping, the Outlines of a Black Figure With One Craving, Pawing Hand Outstretched Hungrily Before It.

The deputy, altho palpably frightened, swore loudly and spat with disgust into the fire.

"Maybe it does shake you a bit," he exclaimed contemptuously. "But the best way to get out of that is to fight! Get up and see who comes out on top if there's a clash." And from the vindictive way in which he made the last remark, the others realized that he would hold his own in case of a pinch. For nearly a minute no one spoke. All stood gazing at Swanson with a surprise and bewilderment which almost wiped out thoughts of the Were-wolf itself. That their mainstay, the one on whom they all depended, should thus betray them at a crisis caused a feeling that had more of pain and indignation than fear in it. Thompson came forward with a glass of brandy.

"Here, drink this!" he commanded roughly, holding the glass to Swanson's mouth. And like a sick child the big man gulped it down, spilling it over his vest and coat as he did so. He paid no attention to the look of reproach and scorn on their faces; or to their significant silence as they stood accusingly about him, but continued his lament.

"Fighting? You said fight? Who can fight the unknown? What can our bullets do against this Thing from the underworld? No! We're in its power! We might just as well lie down and let it wreak its will. The only thing to kill it with is the consecrated bullet of silver!"

"And I thought you were a man!" cried the deputy in bitter contempt. Bennett's anger had so thoroly stirred him by this time that he reached over and grasped the shotgun.

"I'll just take a turn around here," he said, "and if anything is sneakin' about——"

He went out, slamming the door behind him, and started on his circuit of the house. The newspaper men looked at each other in the same silence and glanced away. Each felt almost as ashamed as if he had been caught in some dishonorable act. Brady walked quietly back to the kitchen and brought some more brandy. In their shame and mortification at thus witnessing the moral downfall of a comrade, they could only sit silently by, gazing into the fire and carefully avoiding looking at Swanson. Emmett slowly smoked a cigarette, never changing his attitude as he bent forward, elbows on knees and his chin in his hand. It was fully ten minutes before Swanson spoke. He had finished the brandy which Brady had silently placed on the table beside him, and he straightened up a trifle and wiped his face.

"Boys," he said in a shaking voice that was almost a whisper, "I know what you think of me! I'm not a man until I've done something to redeem myself! But you can't understand," here his voice rose to a wail again, "how these things are bred in our very bones at home! How the old folks believed them as if they were the gospel! And if you knew the horror of them all—of the things that they told and believed—you can understand how I feel when I find it's true. I've no apology to make. I know what I am, a weak coward, ready to sit down with two women upstairs! But I'll try to redeem myself. Give me a gun! Let me go out and watch the front of the house, anyway—and I'll die fighting!"

The hopeless tone of his voice made his companions glance at each other with real concern. It was clear that he thought the matter was already over—that so far as he was concerned it was a forlorn hope.

"Let him go," whispered Emmett, "but tell him to pace only up and down the porch. The air may do him good. But if his head is touched, we want to keep him in sight."

Thompson quietly obeyed, and Swanson stumbled over the threshold, fumbling with the door, and could be seen outside thru the window pacing up and down the porch, with drooping head and dejectedly bent shoulders, passing and repassing the big window. The deputy, coming noiselessly back from his tour of the grounds, passed him without speaking and entered.

"Nothin' to be seen," he said, then nodding a head toward the window, he added scornfully, "what good is he out there?"

"He can't hurt anything," said Emmett [illegible], "and it may help him."

"You see, Ham," explained Thompson, almost apologetically, "this isn't like Eric, this switch to hysteria. He's always been as game as any man, and I've always seen him acquit himself in a way any fellow might be proud of. We don't any of us understand what's got into him to behave like this, and I don't think he really knows himself. But he wants a chance to retrieve himself, and we don't any of us want to hold him back if he thinks he can go out there and make up for what happened a while ago."

"Sure," agreed the deputy without enthusiasm. "I don't know about this hysterier—what'd you call it—but if I'd played the baby, I'd want another chance, too. What'd you say it was?"

Emmett explained in a low tone and the deputy nodded understandingly. Then, carefully examining their arms once more, they commenced a whispered discussion as to how they should array themselves for the night. But Swanson, oblivious to everything besides the great awe in his soul, walked slowly up and down the porch, fighting the hardest struggle a man can ever have—that with himself. Generation after generation of Scandinavian blood, impregnated with the gloomy superstitions of the North, flowed in his veins. His childhood had been passed, as he said, among companions, yes, among even parents and grandparents, who firmly believed all the tales they told him, just as their own fathers and grandfathers had done before them. And while Swanson had almost forgotten some of his youthful superstitions in this new country, where they were scarcely known, that very fact brought them back with a rush which had overwhelmed him. So that now, after he had accepted the attitude of the New World and smiled at the old beliefs, they struck him doubly true.

Moodily he leaned on his rifle. Pausing at one end of his beat, he gazed out over the glorious prospect of the lake, shining and glittering in the light of the moon and touching the tops of the tall pines which rose from the slope of the bluff barely above the summit. To see that beautiful range of nature before him, to hear the lap of the waves, to feel the caress of the clear air, just touched with a suspicion of frost, and then to believe that in the darkness lurked the embodiment of all that was foul and sinful in human nature, waiting for a chance to prey upon the blood of mortals! Tears came to his eyes as he gazed out over the lake, and, even as the superstitious side of his nature had been touched, so now another chord awoke. The blood of the old Norse ancestry told its tale. Almost unconsciously the old sagas telling of the deeds of heroes came back to him, and the fleeting vision of the Vikings going out to conquer or die passed thru his brain. He straightened himself a trifle, and with his awakening the spirit of the New World came back to its own. His eye lost its dull hue, he straightened himself still more and raised his head, altho he jumped in affright that left his heart beating rapidly as a bat flitted by. It was a struggle of the Old World against the New. But the spirit of the New told.

It was five minutes later that Swanson, now fairly composed, ceased his stroll up and down the porch and glanced about the lawn. Once more his mind had turned itself into the groove of the modern times, and altho he confessed to himself that he was still badly frightened, he felt that he could at least do his part in whatever struggle might be needed. Even in the cool air he could feel the red flush of shame mount to his cheeks as he thought of the part he had played. And with this feeling of indignation against himself came a fierce anger against this unseen enemy, no matter what it was.

It was more than physical courage which led Swanson around thru the darker portions of the shrubbery for the next twenty minutes. It was more than moral courage which, when stopping by the garden where the horses were inclosed, kept him from a wild stampede when one of the animals moved suddenly toward him thru the darkness. Carefully and thoroly, with his hands as cold as ice and with a heart that felt dead within his breast, he made the rounds. When, at times, an almost overwhelming desire seized him to dash madly back to lights and human companionship, he would fight it down and walk slowly back over the same route again until he had recovered himself. It took him some time to make the rounds and entering the dark stretch of the drive was the hardest test of all. But he went thru it, returning at length to the grove of birches that shone like silver at the edge of the bluff within one hundred feet of the house. And altho weak and covered with a cold perspiration, he felt himself a man again as he stepped forth and looked out over the waters of the lake. Now that his task was over, once more he felt that almost irresistible desire to flee. And once again he fought it down, even turning his back resolutely on the shadow behind him and gazing out over the waters below, determined not to return to the house until he had mastered himself completely.

"When I go back," he muttered to himself, "I want to show them that I've got a spark of manhood left, at least."

And even as he uttered these words he felt his knees bend beneath him and his spine turn to water. Like a man whose every tendon has been cut he sank limply down against a tree and even before his anguished eyes could roll slowly toward the path by which he had come, he knew what he should see. Far down the shaded grove came stealthily creeping the outlines of a black figure, wrapped in a long black cloak and moving forward cautiously with one craving, pawing hand outstretched hungrily before it. Swanson tried to utter the wail which his soul longed to give, but his tongue was lifeless. Down the breeze came a horrible sickly odor which made him shudder in dread.

Nearer and nearer came the Thing, but more cautiously now. The path it was pursuing would take it about ten feet from Swanson, and for an instant a faint hope stirred in his breast that he would escape notice. But the figure moved more and more slowly, peering greedily forward in the direction of the house. It was still in shadow, and when it halted about fifteen feet away, its form still bent toward its goal, he had not yet seen the countenance. Just then a sudden gust of wind swept the trees apart and let in the moonlight, and the creature slowly turned and dropped the arm it held over its face, and the eyes that met Swanson's were like two green lamps, the countenance was that of a wolf and a paw instead of a hand was clutching the black robe. The shriek of terror which Swanson gave as he found his utterance rang thru the woods like the wail of a lost soul—and when Brady and the deputy came dashing to the scene with loud shouts and weapons ready, they found him on the ground, unharmed but unconscious. The Old World instinct had triumphed!

### CHAPTER IX.

### THE THING MAKES ANOTHER VISIT.

FOR nearly an hour they worked over Swanson, who lay breathing heavily on the lounge where they had placed him. Nora and Mrs. Lawson took turns at bathing his forehead, and the men chafed him and rubbed his hands, always with an armed guard standing at the door with the grim determination to shoot at the first sign of any moving thing. Time and again the nervous contortions of Swanson's face, and the manner in which he would leap almost from under their hands showed the intense mental strain under which his tortured brain was laboring. But to their surprise, when he at last opened his eyes in a state of utter exhaustion he was perfectly collected and in a state of utter despair.

"What's the use?" he moaned feebly, turning his head away from them. "There's no use fighting—there's no use fighting."

"Brace up, Eric," said Brady angrily, "think of the part you may have to take."

"We can only die," moaned the big Scandinavian again.

In fact, he was in such a state of absolute despondency that it was plain nothing could be done with him. Arguments were of no avail. He had not even the moral strength to try to regain some part of his self-respect, as he had attempted to do but a short hour before. With that passive lack of resistance, characteristic of the man or animal whose spirit is utterly broken, he was content to lie idle and let the worst come without so much as lifting a finger. On the contrary, Brady, Thompson, Bennett and even the reserved and self-contained Emmett had worked themselves into a pitch of fighting wrath that boded ill for anything that might cross their paths. And it was with grim faces, in which there was but contempt, that they finally bore Swanson to the shuttered room and stretched him upon the bed, throwing some of the bed clothes roughly over him. Weak with the exhaustion of his nervous strain, after a few minutes of moaning they heard the troubled breathing which indicated that he had fallen into a restless sleep.

Two new problems now faced them. First to care properly for Nora and Mrs. Lawson, who were clearly so alarmed over the turn affairs were taking that a nervous breakdown from either seemed imminent; the other to provide for some watch over Swanson in case any attack was made upon them. They finally inserted the key in his door on the side of the room leading to the main chamber, and determined that the man who stood guard in the back room of that wing should lock him in as he passed. If they did not do this, they feared that he might become stricken with so violent a panic as to be as much a menace within as anything without could be. It was long before Nora and Mrs. Lawson could be induced to go to their room. Both were clearly holding themselves under restraint with difficulty, and it was also evident that they had a horror of being alone on the second floor while companionship could be had below. At last, they reluctantly climbed the stairs, and the men prepared to take their stations for the night.

"Steve," said Thompson softly, as soon as the door above closed, "we'll have to get out of this tomorrow. That is, the women will. They can't stand it. We'll have to send Swanson back, too, and attend to his stuff for him. I was afraid he was going to come out of that swoon an insane man. That's why I avoided asking him questions. But I can imagine. I saw the picture, you know."

Brady nodded. "The only safe place for us or any person seems to be with the deputies," he said. "An attack on this place by an unholy creature might find us unprepared or at a disadvantage. With two women and a man apt to become demented should that creature even appear again, Lord knows what would happen. If Swanson is able to drive that car in the morning he will have to take Nora to the Springs. Can you drive it at all?"

"A little," said Thompson, "but there's no special object now in not having a chauffeur. If this thing is really at large, we won't have much chance of exclusive stories. Newspaper men will be flocking in from all sides."

Brady nodded in silent acquiescence. At last he said: "Those women will have to be guarded on the way down. We can't take any chances. You and Emmett had better go with them, Thompson. I can ride over with Bennett and join the deputies. We will close the house before leaving and I can lead the horses over with me and have them sent home as soon as I can hire a man to take them. I think the deputies are at some farm about six miles north of here."

"Yes," said Thompson, "we can put Miss Westemonde in her hotel and let her write up separate stories for all of us while waiting. Emmett and I can make a quick run back in the auto. Something is bound to develop out of this."

Arrangements were then made for posting a guard for the night. At one extremity of the wing on the south side of the house was the kitchen. Here Thompson took his stand, having first dragged a large wicker rocker back to a place where he could sit and watch thru windows at both side and rear onto the moonlight sweep of lawn. In the rear room at the opposite wing, Emmett took his station, having first split holes in the shutters with an ax, large enough for him to look thru. It was arranged that, in passing the door of Swanson's room, should there be an alarm, he was to turn the key. Bennett and Brady posted themselves in the large front room, letting the fire die down and talking in low whispers.

"Isn't it strange how a few hours make a change in things?" said Brady, musingly. "Just think how few hours ago it was that we first came into this room. That first evening was one of the pleasantest I ever spent. Music and compan-

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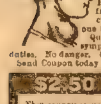

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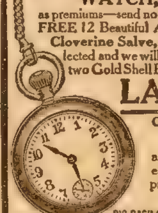

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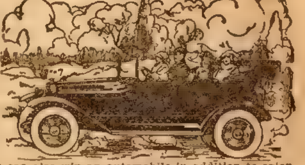

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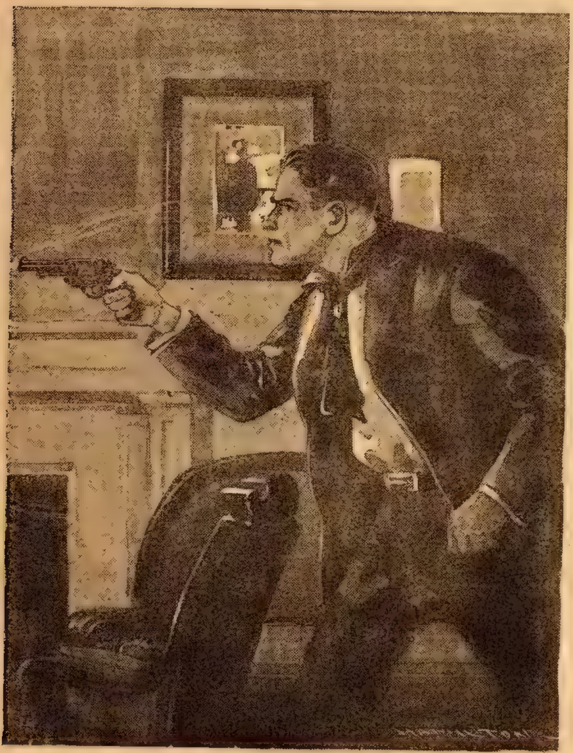

It Was With a Cry of Horror That Brady Fired Straight Into the Grinning Visage That Leered Thru the Window.

ionship, light and warmth and jollity. Look at it now! Here we are sitting in the dark, afraid of our own lives at the hands of we don't know what, and with one of our number in a state which means that he can never be the same to us again, after what has occurred—for he will draw the bars if we don't. In fact, I believe this will affect his entire life—I do not believe he will ever be the same man."

"He isn't the same man now," said the deputy in a low tone. "I'm glad I'm with you people here. Maybe I can help some—and if shootin' will do it, I'm there," he concluded grimly.

Brady nodded warmly at this evidence of spirit, and realized that Ham would indeed prove of value. He had risen early that morning and was weary. So he stretched himself in one corner of the long couch which he occupied at night, leaving his elbow on its high leather arm and resting his head against the padded back. The lounge was at the extreme rear of the room, as they had thought it advisable to sit as far as possible from the front window, even if there was no fire in the big hearth except a few smoldering ashes. Bennett dragged an armchair to the front of the couch and seated himself therein. Both men placed their revolvers across their knees, while Thompson and Emmett were armed respectively with the rifle and shotgun. Each, moreover, had one of the automatic pistols, while Emmett had added Swanson's weapon to his own battery.

If waiting had been tiresome for the watchers in the gloom of the night before, amid the storm, it was doubly so now. Brady realized what the strain must have been and he felt a keen sympathy for Thompson and Emmett. True, they had slept in the afternoon, but that could hardly compensate for a nerve strain such as they must have passed thru. And now they had to endure it again. He himself had risen early and the exhaustion following the high pitch to which he had been keyed up was making itself felt. But he braced himself up resolutely, sat up straighter as he felt himself becoming sleepy and addressed a remark now and then to Bennett.

The latter's answers, however, came more and more uncertainly. It was plain that Ham, fresh from country life and accustomed to early hours for bedtime, was having a desperate struggle to keep awake. Repeatedly his head nodded until it was only when he almost rolled over on the floor that he awoke. And each time it was clear that he was sleepier and sleepier. Brady felt rather indignant at first, thinking that the crisis should have been enough to keep any one awake.

"If we depended on his watching we might have all our throats cut before he knew it," he reflected. "I can understand now the reason why the sentinel who slept on his post was dealt with in summary fashion. If he's too much of a hog to care for the safety of lives, when all it requires is a little strength of will, it's only right he should pay the penalty with his own."

But in a moment or two he grew calmer and reflected that perhaps it did no real harm.

"I can kick him out of that chair if anything comes," he mused, "and if a shot is fired he certainly will be awake in a moment."

In a few minutes his ears told him that Bennett had indeed fallen fast asleep and soon was snoring lustily in the armchair until he was awakened by his revolver sliding with a clatter to the floor. The instant start with which he leaped to his feet, a trifle bewildered, showed Brady that he certainly would awake on a slight noise. He listened with a sort of grim amusement to the deputy's asseveration that he had not been asleep at all and waited for him to doze again. Brady rose and paced the floor restlessly. The north air had made him wretchedly sleepy, too, and he would have given much to have thrown himself on the lounge and sunk into the sleep of exhaustion. He did not care to leave the room in the possession of the sleeping deputy or he would have paid a visit to Thompson and Emmett. He wished that he had asked Mrs. Lawson to make some strong, black coffee for the party and blamed himself for this oversight. Strolling back and forth in front of the sleeping Bennett, he finally walked himself into wakefulness and again seated himself on the end of the lounge. Here he gazed out at the moon, which now hung just before him above the shimmering waters, glorious in the clear and soft light it shed. It was as bright an orb as he had seen since they arrived, and he again reflected how things had changed. To him the whole place was now hateful. On that first evening of his arrival he had drunk in the scene with something like intoxication and had expressed the hope that the assignment might extend over a fortnight. If the party could get away on the morrow, he now realized, they would all be relieved.

"And yet we've all got a reputation for being fair newspaper workers," he told himself, half in amusement, half in reproach.

Sitting on the lounge had made him sleepy again, and for a moment he leaned back, permitting himself the luxury of closing his eyes and of leaning his head against the soft back of the big sofa. Then, as he slowly opened them, he was galvanized into a sudden wakefulness and a tense alertness—while, in spite of himself, he felt a sensation as if some one was rubbing a piece of ice down his back. For, emerging from the shadow of the trees, not fifty yards from the front porch, came a dark and menacing figure.

With a gasp he sat up straight and grasped his revolver. There was no need to tell him what that hesitating walk, that poised attitude like a coiled snake, meant in the black-robed figure stealing softly toward the porch. Ten yards out from the trees it halted, and altho he could not see the features, he could see the garb. On the head was the hat described by Thompson, and he noticed the legs projecting from beneath the gown—they were not the legs of a human being. The creature took another limping step and again stopped.

"The Thing that hirples on one foot!" gasped Brady. "Thompson!" he called softly. "Emmett!"

There was no answer. The quickness with which the Thing halted showed that it must have heard something. Brady's forehead was wet with sweat and for one moment he wavered. His breath came in gasps, his heart beat furiously and he felt a sinking sensation in the stomach like that of one falling from a great height. For a moment the desire to call out, to bring human companions about him, to drive this foul creature away, was almost irresistible. He quivered as he sat and turned to wake the deputy. In the meantime the silent figure had again halted, this time not twenty feet from the porch. But even as he reached over to wake Bennett a sense of shame came to him, for he knew it was a deadly fear that was prompting his move. The Thing had already shown that it would

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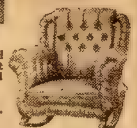

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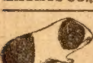

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flee when approached by numbers—it had also twice shown it could escape. To summon Thompson or Emmett, to wake the deputy, would frighten it now, for obviously it was awaiting every movement within the house. And in the deathlike stillness of the night almost any move was audible.

Unconsciously, Brady was going thru the same mental process Swanson had while tramping up and down the porch. He realized that he was afraid, and, as in Swanson's case, a red blush mounted to his neck and forehead until the veins stood out. But in Brady's case it was the flush of wild anger. What! To be afraid of that cowardly murdering Thing that menaced them in the dark! And he, Brady, about to disgrace his name by frightening it away instead of getting it! He gritted his teeth and raised his heavy revolver. Near him stood a tall, high-backed chair. Brady rested his revolver on this, pointing steadily at the figure outside, now standing, as if hesitating at the foot of the steps.

"Whether it comes up or not, it gets one bullet," he muttered.

But it was coming up. The next instant, with a faint scuffling sound that was audible inside, it mounted one step and again hesitated—another step—another step—peering, crouching, listening, always with that wolflike crouch and an occasional eager, clutching, vampire-like movement of an outstretched arm. Even in his horrified fascination, Brady watched to see whether a hand or a claw ended that arm. But the long black cloak concealed it.

Another step—another—and the Thing was on the porch; here it crouched almost on all fours and shuffled slowly toward the window. It bore slightly to one side and in its low, careful, tortoise-like movements was evidently working a way to one corner of the big plate glass sheet where it could peer into the room with less likelihood of being seen. And still the cloak concealed its face and the reporter could see nothing. The uncanny mystery of the whole affair had again closed in on him as tho he were in a vault, and hot and cold chills were running over him. Then he thought of Nora upstairs. In an instant his jaws snapped together again, and the muzzle of the revolver ceased to quiver and pointed directly upon his target. The window ran so low—almost to the floor—that he could distinctly follow each movement of the creeping figure. Then the head commenced slowly to rise above the hill.

Inch by inch it came—first the black cap, then a white expanse as if some band were tied across to conceal the features, then a closely muffled lower portion of the head where the black cloak was wrapped about the throat. For a moment a gust of wind arose, and blew the protecting cloak to one side—and at the same moment a tiny fragment of wood in the fireplace broke into a blaze, bringing into relief the face pressed against the window. And it was with a cry of horror that Brady fired straight into the grinning visage that leered thru the window—for it was not that of a man—and as he saw the heavy window smash squarely over the spot where that awful spectacle was pressed, the Thing sprang erect and fled down the stairs, while he followed it with shots thru the glass.

The reports of the heavy revolver rang like thunder in the stillness, the house shaking with their reverberations and with the sharp pinging of glass as the heavy window sung sharply where the high pressure bullets went thru. But Brady did not wait. He leaped at the door, cursing loudly because it was locked, tore it open, and dashed to the porch, clearing the steps at a single bound. And even as he did so he heard two sharp reports above him, and, not even firing the shots he had intended at the speeding figure, he turned back to the house with a sharp cry of desperation.

"Nora! Nora. Are you safe?"

"I'm safe, Steve," said a frightened voice from Nora's window. "I fired twice when that Thing stopped for a moment in the middle of the lawn."

Just as Thompson, Emmett and the deputy came rushing to the scene, from the darkness rose so horrible a howl of rage and pain that they shuddered as they stood. But Brady shook his fist at the dark woods.

"We'll get you yet, you spawn of hell!" he cried. "Thompson, bring the lantern.'

"Steve, Steve, you're not going into those woods!" screamed Nora.

"No, but I'm going to see what his tracks are like," said Brady, bending over some impressions in the ground, "the trees make it too dark here."

The party had completely forgotten Swanson, but when Thompson entered the main room he found him, a helpless wreck as before, again coiled in a chair. And Nora, who had come downstairs in a long dressing gown, was ministering to him. She was no longer the nervous girl—she was the woman aiding one in distress, regardless of surroundings.

Thompson took the lantern to the lawn, and Nora and Emmett, who remained with her, shotgun in hand, could see the little group outside, bending over something and discussing it earnestly. Then the lantern commenced to dance toward the house, where it stopped for a moment and a scrutiny of the porch was made. Then the three men silently entered the room, ignoring the cringing Swanson, who was moaning:

"Human bullets will do no good! No good!"

"Shut up," said Thompson, roughly. "Are you absolutely certain you hit it, Steve?"

"I fancy the first shot reached the mark," said Brady. "I saw the glass fly to pieces directly where its face was pressed hard against it. Whether the glass deflected the other bullets I don't know."

"And yet there's no blood on the porch," said Thompson, thoughtfully.

"Is there any on the lawn?" asked Nora, quietly.

"No," said Thompson, in some surprise. "We followed the route it took. Why do you ask?"

"Because, I thought I hit it at least once when it stopped for an instant," answered Nora, quietly.

They looked at each other in silence. Nora was the first to speak.

"Did you find the tracks?" she asked.

"Yes," said Brady, slowly.

"What were they?" she demanded.

"They were not like the tracks of any living thing I have ever seen," said Brady.

Then they were all again startled by a wild cry and a heavy fall on the floor. For Swanson had fainted again.

**The mystery is cleared up. Brady finds out what is causing the trouble and the Were-wolf is tracked to its lair. There are tense and thrilling moments in the next and final installment which you should not miss.**

* * *

### Somewhat Out of Form.

THE villagers were all out to see their team play a neighboring town at cricket. The village constable, who weighed about 300 pounds, was supposed to be the hope of his side, but he was very evidently out of form. The villagers were feeling a little nettled, when a lovely catch came sailing toward the policeman. He hesitated, sprang into the air, grasped wildly for the ball, but it sailed past and rolled about thirty yards away and the fat man, losing his balance, fell flat. There was a roar of laughter and in the lull that followed a voice cried:

"Roll over twice, mate—roll over twice and you're at it!"

* * *

### Time Was Kind to Her.

HE HAD just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant for a bit to eat. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"

* * *

### Not an Unusual Feat.

A GROUP of men were discussing the size of vegetables they had seen. The first remarked:

"My brother grew a potato that was so large that he had to build a special copper to boil it in."

The second said: "I knew a cabbage that covered half a rod of ground."

The third declared he had seen a pumpkin big enough to make a cradle.

The last remarked: "I can outdo that, for I once saw two policemen asleep on one beat. How's that for growing?"

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# ROBIN HOOD---A Story for the Children

A LONG time ago England was black with forests. Nearly all the villages were surrounded by giant trees, so it was necessary to ride under these great trees whenever a body had an errand in a nearby town. These forests were very mysterious because they were so big that no one knew the end of them. Even tho there is much difference, it was useless to make maps because every tree looked like every other. There were a few roads cut thru the forests, but on either side lay miles and miles of trees. One's eye could never see the end of greenness.

There lived near the Sherwood forest a youth called Robin Hood. He was strong and sturdy. There was not a lad in his village who could shoot as straight an arrow, or run as fast, or wrestle as hard. Robin was not afraid of anything, so, when he wanted to go hunting, he just forgot all about the law, or maybe he didn't care.

One fall day when the trees were spotted with color, Robin took his bow and went strolling in the woods. He saw a deer and killed it dead with the first arrow. When the Sheriff of Nottingham heard this he became very angry and swore Robin must hang. Robin never liked the drowsy, four-walled sort of life he had lived in the village, anyway. He preferred the roof of green in the woods. So he ran to live in the forest. First, because he loved the freedom of outdoors and, second, because he did not want to be hanged.

Robin Hood went to live as a bandit in the Sherwood forests and he took a few comrades with him. They dressed in green from head to foot. At a short distance it was almost impossible to tell them from the trees. Each morn they would get up with the sun and go a hunting for the day's food. All day long they would roam the woods. At night they would sleep with starlight shining in their faces. Their lives were full of the wind and they were very happy.

One day Robin was walking alone by the side of a brook. When he started to cross on a log he saw a very tall man approaching from the other side.

"Step aside for your betters!" cried Robin to the stranger.

"That will I when I meet him," answered the tall stranger saucily.

"Ha, ha!" roared Robin, "we will see who is the better man." With that they began trying to knock each other off. Robin gave the tall stranger such a rap on his shoulder that the log shook under them. For a moment it looked as tho they would both go tumbling into the water.

They fought for some time, then, of a sudden, the tall stranger gave Robin a snappy whack and poor Robin tumbled splashing into the stream below.

"Now who is the better man?" said the tall stranger, and he leaned over the edge and took a square look at wet Robin below.

"I have met a better man. You are a staunch fighter. Come help me out of the brook, for I would talk with you."

"Now, what is your name?" asked Robin when the two were on dry land. "I would like you to join my merry men and have you live in the forest with us."

"That's a fine idea," replied the tall stranger. "I have no home and would willingly follow a brave man like you. My name is John Little."

Now Robin Hood blew a bellowing blast on his horn. In less than three times three twinkles of a star all Robin's men were round him. Robin told them how John Little had beaten him in a fight and how he was going to join the merry men.

The men were so joyous to have a new, strong comrade that they killed a fat deer, cooked it over a whooping blue red fire. Then they sat down on the grass, welcomed John Little into their band, ate meat in their fingers, drank nut-brown ale, sang songs and made merry. After dinner they decided to christen John Little, for each man when he came to live in the forest must take a new name. Friar Tuck, who was one of the merriest fellows, jumped to his feet and poured nut-brown ale on John Little's head. Then he said, "I christen you Little John." All the merry men began to sing:

His name we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name will be called Little John, Little John,
His name will be called Little John.

The days grew tiny. Winter came, blowing pointed wind in the faces of the merry men. Then spring unbuttoned the cloak of snow and the skirts of earth were fringed with ferns and shining glossy flowers. It was May time in the forest. Many, many people went traveling thru the woods on different pilgrimages, for the world was fair to see. Whenever Robin would hear the ringing of hoofs on the road he would stop the stranger and ask him his business. Should he be rich, Robin would take several bags of gold. Then he would ask him to dine with the merry men and thank him for being so generous. Of course, the rich lords and bishops did not like to have their gold stolen from them. Robin did not care two peas for gold. As soon as he got a sack full he would give it to the first poor knight or peasant that came his way. So it was that the fat bishops and rich merchants hated Robin Hood. When any one would ask them about Robin they would say, "Aye, Robin Hood is a strong thief, of him I never heard any good."

But the poor folks of England and all those who were in distress loved Robin. When any one asked about Robin they would say, "Robin Hood is a courteous outlaw. Of him I have heard much good."

One day a knight came riding thru the forest. His horse was very thin, his cloak, which had been a glorious gold, was brown and fringy around the wrists. Robin stopped the sad knight and asked him to have dinner with his men.

"You can pay with whatever small pieces of silver you may have in your purse," said Robin.

"I am most sorry," replied the sad knight. "I think I better not come with you. It is very humiliating, but I have no gold or silver in my purse. There is none in my iron treasure chest at home. That is the reason why I am so sad, for today I must go and tell the bishop, my landlord, that I cannot pay him the money which I owe him. Then will he take my lands away from me. That is the law."

"How much money do you need to pay this debt?" asked Robin Hood.

"Three sacks full of gold," answered the knight, and his voice was near crying.

"Don't worry over a little matter like that. I will lend you the gold, and one year from today you may come to this tree and pay me back."

The next morning a gay knight rode away from the merry men. He was dressed in a new gold cloak. He rode a gray horse with a silky tail and shimmering mane. To the jeweled saddle was tied three sacks of gold. Each little round piece inside the sack giggled and laughed as the horse jogged along. They were very happy, because they had been rescued from a stingy merchant by Robin Hood and now they were going on a good pilgrimage.

After the knight had paid the bishop he went back to his land and he worked hard for the next year. He saved every cent he could and his good wife helped him. When the year was up they had three sacks of gold and a little more.

The knight met Robin under the greenwood tree and gave him a friendly gift of one hundred arrows all notched with silver and each tipped with a peacock feather.

"For this royal gift much thanks," Robin said. When the knight offered him the three sacks of gold he answered indignantly:

"No, my good fellow, we will not take the gold. For today I took more than that from three rich priests. We will let them pay your debt. Keep the money."

The years went rollicking by under the merry men's very noses. There came a May time when Robin was taken sick. He could not hunt and he feared that he must die. He called Little John to his side and said: "I have a cousin, the Prioress of Kirksley. She is very learned in medicine. Take me to her, perchance she can cure me." Little John placed Robin on his horse and they rode very slowly to the convent walls. Little John

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stayed outside, for Robin wanted to go in alone.

The prioress took Robin into a little white cell and there she bled him with a sharp needle. Sometimes a sick man could be cured if he were bled a little. The prioress was a wicked woman. After she had once cut Robin's veins she left the room and never came back to stop his life from flowing away. Robin became very weak. When he realized what had happened, he gained strength enough to blow one blast on his hunting horn. Little John had been waiting outside the gate. When he heard the call he smashed the gate thru, he broke the door of the convent and he found his way to Robin. By that time Robin Hood was near to fainting. Little John swore he would burn the convent down and kill the wicked prioress with all her nuns.

"Nay," quoth Robin. "In all our forest days we have never done harm to a woman. Remember after I am gone you do not break the old tradition. Then he leaned on his elbow and said:

> Give me a bow in my hand,
> And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
> And where this arrow is taken up,
> There shall my grave digged be.

The arrow leaped from the bow. It cut thru the air. It went out the window, and fell on the fringe of Sherwood forest.

* * *

### Once Was Enough.

AS THE 7:15 neared the union station Billers reached into his pocket and drew forth a little leather covered book. He shook down his fountain pen and wrote:

"Day sunny. Had apple pie and cheese for breakfast. Feeling fine. Baby fell and skinned his li'l' nose. Wife wants a new dress like sample in vest pocket. Rent due next week. Not feeling as well as I did."

"I see," said Billers' friend Wilbur, glancing over his shoulder, "that you keep a diary."

"Don't you keep a diary?" asked Billers, placing his daily record back in its resting place.

"If I keep a diary I lose it," replied Wilbur paradoxically, "and to keep a diary that you'll eventually lose is bad business.

"I used to keep a diary. At one time it was my pet hobby. I'd buy the fanciest gilt edged little book I could find, make a few entries and lose it immediately. It was very annoying.

"I used to make my entries too intimate. You know how it is. All diarists do the same thing. While a diary is in close communion with one's soul for a time, the day comes when it faces the world.

"Imagine the foolishness of a man who writes the following in a diary that he knows he'll eventually lose:

"'Called on Mary Jane last night. That she will accept me for better or worse I have no doubt. Carrie will rave when she hears of my engagement to Mary Jane!' I wrote it.

"Another entry read: 'What a day! I haven't a cent to my credit at the bank. And yet the world looks upon me as an example of prosperity. I hope I can keep up the bluff until the tailor has my wedding outfit delivered. I should worry when Mary Jane's dad has a cool million. Oh, boy!'

"The last notation I made was on a Friday, the 13th, and, while not of a superstitious nature, a strange feeling permeated my soul as I penned the following:

"'For a wedding present I believe Mary Jane's pa will give her at least $100,000 in cash or collateral. While the old man could easily afford more to begin with, I feel that more will come later. I think he likes me. Why shouldn't he?'

"I dropped the diary on Mary Jane's sun porch as I went away that night and when I discovered my loss you can imagine my feelings."

"Awful to contemplate!" exclaimed Billers. "Mary Jane found it and all was off, I'll venture."

"No," said Wilbur. "Mary Jane's baby brother found it and begin a business-like little chap held it up for a $10 ransom."

* * *

### They Knew It Already.

IN A PRIVATE sitting-room at a certain hotel sat a party of merry-makers, when there came a knock at the door, and an attendant announced:

"The compliments of Mr. Blowers, the dramatic author, who is in the next room, and he says you are making so much noise that he can't write."

"He can't write, eh?" said one of the party. "Why, tell him everybody who has seen his plays knows that!"

# Classified Want Ads

**Information—** The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103 M, Chicago, Ill.

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AGENTS, WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN right now to take orders for world's greatest raincoat values. Dandy coat $4.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making $300 monthly. Glover $61.50 first four days. Neally 22 orders in two days. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-132, Dayton, Ohio.

$25 DAILY EASY INTRODUCING GREATest household money saver, just invented; educes high living cost; saves its own cost 10 minutes; no talking necessary; sells [illegible]; every housekeeper demands it; retails [illegible] commission $1.00; samples free. Home [illegible] Co., A 57, New Albany, Ind.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—$40 A WEEK SELLING NEW lantern, 300 candle power. Burns coal-oil. Can't set fire to anything. Burns in all kinds of weather. Rainproof, windproof, bugproof. Sells everywhere. Write for agency and sample. Thomas Lantern Co., 4211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

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HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN wanted by Government and business concerns to make mechanical drawings, tracings, etc. Salaries up to $2000 a year. Pleasant work. Permanent positions. I'll give you necessary training in your home in your spare time, furnish drawing outfit free and help you secure position when qualified. Write today for particulars and application blank. Roy C. Claflin, Dept. 762, Columbia School of Drafting, Washington, D. C.

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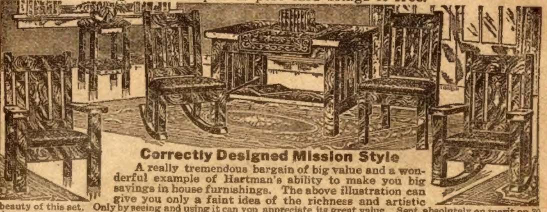

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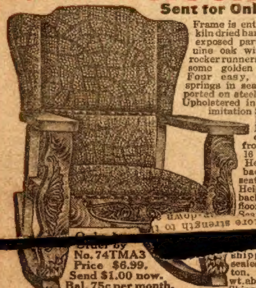
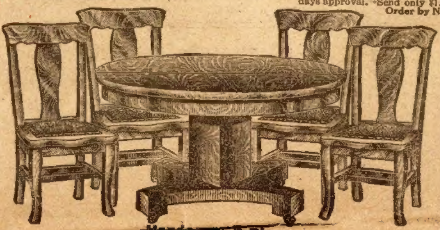


Frame is entirely of kiln dried hardwood, exposed parts genuine oak with bent rocker runners. Handsome golden finish. Four easy, strong springs in seat, supported on steel bands. Upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Height of seat from floor 16 inches. Height of back from seat 24 in. Height of back from floor 37 in. Seat 18½x [illegible] fully shipped in sealed carton. Shpg. wt. abt. 35 lbs. Shipped from Chicago warehouse or factory in Western New York State.

**Order by No. 74TMA3 Price $6.99. Send $1.00 now. Bal. 75c per month.**

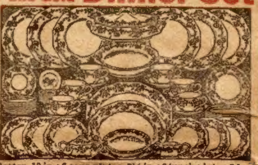


## Handsome 5-Piece Solid Oak Dining Room Set

Solid oak throughout. Choice of golden oak or fumed oak finish. 45-inch round top table, extends to 6 feet. Fitted with Hartman smooth running extension slides; solid oak leaves. Square box pedestal, neat block legs and easy-running casters. 4 Chairs have solid quarter-sawed oak top, back and panels; balance of seasoned solid oak. Full box pad seats 16x18 in., upholstered with imitation Spanish brown leather. Height 37½ in. Sensational value, combining low price, high quality, finish, style, design, terms and guaranteed durability. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse. Shipping weight about 190 lbs. **Order 4 Chairs (Golden Oak) by No. 233TMA24. (Fumed Oak) by No. 233TMA25. Price $11.85 Send $1 now. Balance $1.25 per month. Order Table (Golden Oak) by No. 233TMA26. (Fumed Oak) by No. 233TMA27. Price $17.65. Send $1 now. Balance $2.00 per month.**

## 51-Piece White and Gold Dinner Set

**Sent For Only $1**

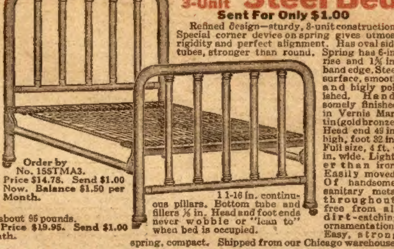


This beautiful 51-piece Dinner Set sent absolutely at our risk—to use on 30 days' approval, with small monthly payments if pleased. Send only $1.00 now. This is the very popular gold rose border set in exclusive Martha Washington shape. Materials are very durable, highly glazed and fired; decoration being placed on each piece before the final glazing is executed. Correct number of pieces to constitute a complete service for 6 persons. There are 51 pieces in all, consisting of 1 meat platter, 11½ in.; 1 meat platter, 10 in.; 6 soup plates, 7½ in.; 6 lunch plates, 7 in.; 6 dinner plates, 9 in.; 1 large salad dish, 9 in.; 1 small salad dish, 7½ in.; 6 fruit plates, 5½ in.; 6 cups; 6 saucers; 6 butter chips, 3¼ in.; 1 covered sugar bowl (2 pieces); 1 creamer; 1 9-in. covered vegetable dish (2 pieces). We guarantee safe delivery, carefully packed. Shipped from our Chicago Warehouse. Shipping wt. about 40 lbs. **Order by No 325TMA7. Price $9.88. Send $1.00 now. Balance $1.00 per month.**

## Full Sized 3-Unit Steel Bed

**Sent For Only $1.00**

Refined design—sturdy, 3-unit construction. Special corner device on spring gives utmost rigidity and perfect alignment. Has oval side tubes, stronger than round. Spring has 6-in. rise and 1½ in. band edge. Steel surface, smooth and higly polished. Handsomely finished in Vernis Martin (goldbronze) Head end 49 in. high, foot 32 in. Full size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Lighter than iron. Easily moved. Of handsome, sanitary metal throughout, free from all dirt-catching ornamentations Easy, strong spring, compact. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse.

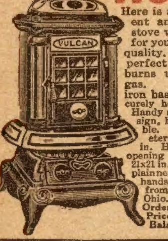


1 1-16 in. continuous pillars. Bottom tube and fillers ⅝ in. Head and foot ends never wobble or "lean to" when bed is occupied.

**Order by No. 155TMA3. Price $14.78. Send $1.00 Now. Balance $1.50 per Month.**

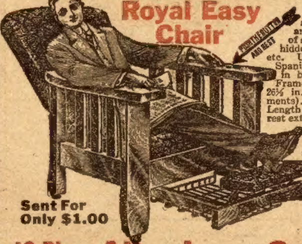
## Vulcan Hot-Blast Heater

**Sent for $1**



Here is a wonderfully efficient and intense heating stove which will save fuel for you. Guaranteed high quality. Hot blast makes perfect combustion and burns up the smoke and gas. Full black cast iron base. Wedge joint securely holds body to fire pot. Handy shaker door. Neat design, handsome finish, durable. Ash pan free. Diameter fire pot 15½ in., body 16 in. Height 50 in. Feed door opening 12x8 in. Floor space 21x21 in. Pipe collar 6 in. Note plain neat Colonial columns and handsome design. Shipped from foundry in Central Ohio. Shpg. wt. abt. 156 lbs. **Order by No. 387TMA16. Price $18.75. Send $1 now. Balance $2.00 per month.**

## Royal Easy Chair


PUSH THE BUTTON AND REST

Press button on right arm and back adjusts itself to any position. Foot rest out of sight when not in use, has hidden basket for newspapers, etc. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather; 8 springs in back, 6 springs in seat. Frame 23 in. high, 29¾ in. wide, 26½ in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20½x20½ in. Length reclining 43½ in. with foot rest extended 64¼ in. Golden oak finish. Shipped from Chicago. Shipping weight about 95 pounds. **Order by No. 83TMA8. Price $19.95. Send $1.00 now. Balance $2.00 per month.**

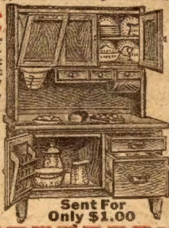
**Sent For Only $1.00**

## Golden Oak Finish Kitchen Cabinet

Send for this fine Kitchen Cabinet, set it up in your kitchen and use it for 30 days at our risk. Learn for yourself how handy it is, how many steps it saves you, how it lightens your work. Then, if you are willing to part with it and decide not to keep it, send it back. We will promptly return your $1.00 and pay charges both ways. If you keep it, pay a little each month.

Easily moved on casters without scratching floor. Height 62 in. Basswood top 25x42 in. Bread and cake box 17x11½x8 in. with tin sliding lid. Linen drawer 20x11½x3 in. Disappearing kneading board. Cabinet has one tilting, removable flour bin, with sifter. Has ample capacity. One 8-lb. pull-out sugar bin. Two small drawers. Roomy china closet with shelf. Handsomely furnished with copper trimmed hard-ware and in beautiful golden oak gloss. Has bread drawer with ventilating sliding lid; cutlery drawer and pan rack on inside of lower cupboard door. Shipped from factory in Central Indiana. Shipping weight about 175 lbs

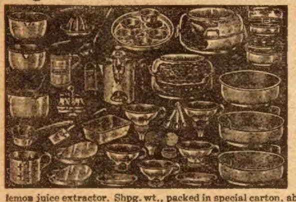
**Order by No. 277TMA4. Price $19.85. Send $1.00 now. Balance $2.00 per month.**



**Sent For Only $1.00**

## 42-Piece Aluminum Set

**Will Not Scald, Rust, Chip or Crack**



**Sent for Only $1.00** We guarantee every piece well made, of proper guage. Sanitary, light, very serviceable. This wonderful 42-piece "Longware" Aluminum Set consists of: 9-piece combination double roaster with 2 outer shells, inside pudding pan, 5 custard cups with perforated pan holder. Two outer shells make an excellent roaster for chicken, steaks and other meats. Using perforated inset and small pudding pan, it is a combination cooker and steamer. The 3 pans are also used separately over the fire as a cake pan, bake dish, pudding pan or for any purpose where open pans are used; 7-cup coffee percolator with inset (2 pieces); 6-qt. preserving kettle, 2 bread pans; 2 pie plates; 1-qt. and 2 qt. lipped sauce pans; 1 ladle; 2 jelly cake pans, with loose bottoms, (4 pieces); 1 caster set; salt and pepper shakers; tooth pick holder and frame, (4 pieces); 1 measuring cup; 1 combination funnel, (6 pieces); 3 measuring spoons; 1 strainer; 1 sugar shaker; 1 grater; 1 cake turner; lemon juice extractor. Shpg. wt., packed in special carton, abt. 10 lbs. Shipped from Chicago warehouse.

**Order by No. 415TMA15. Price, complete set of 42 pcs., $10.89. Send $1 now. Bal. $1.25 per mo.**

## What Shall We Send?

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| ☐ Royal Easy Chair No. 83TMA8 | ☐ 3-Unit Steel Bed No. 155TMA3 | ☐ Aluminum Set No. 415TMA15 | ☐ Kitchen Cabinet No. 277TMA4 |
| ☐ 4 Chairs, Golden Oak No. 233TMA24 | ☐ 4 Chairs, Fumed Oak No. 233TMA25 | ☐ Table, Golden Oak No. 233TMA26 | ☐ Table, Fumed Oak No. 233TMA27 |

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